STORIES AND SKETCHES

BY

GRACE GREENWOOD

Marjorie E Boughton

To May
from
Aunt Belle

Dec 25
1893

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GRACE GREENWOOD

AUTHOR OF

"MY TOUR IN EUROPE," "QUEEN VICTORIA, HER GIRLHOOD AND WOMANHOOD," ETC.

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TO

Maria Louise Pool

THE NEWLY RISEN AND STILL RISING STAR OF AMERICAN FICTION

I ADMIRINGLY INSCRIBE THIS COLLECTION OF

VERY MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES

Grace Greenwood

CONTENTS.

WASHINGTON AS HE WAS—IN CAMP, SALON AND STABLE.

I REMEMBER when, on the morning of April 15th, 1865, there was a sound of weeping in thousands of Northern homes, and "all the air seemed full of floating bells," tolling for Abraham Lincoln, my beloved mother, while pinning a badge of crape over her sad heart, said—"He is the first President I have worn mourning for, since Washington."

The words brought a startling *rapprochement* of the times—but not the men. Dear "Father Abraham" I could see clearly, even through tears—but Washington was still veiled from me, by a haze of glory—not visible to common mortal sight, as a fellow-mortal, to be loved and mourned.

It is a curious fact that though there are yet living those who almost remember Washington, and though innumerable memoirs of him have been written, few details of his private life, of his daily

walk and conversation, are extant. Was it that he had so few homely human traits and happenings—that he was too ideal and heroic for gossip? Is it that Jenkins is a later result of art and civilization? In every direction in which we have looked for anecdote, for little characteristic personal habits and modes of expression, we have been more or less disappointed. Weems betrayed our infant credulity, and, later, Custis "kept the word of promise to our ear, to break it to our hope," for Washington is almost as much a stately, stalking Ossianic shade in the recollections of his adopted son, as in the pages of his most dry and formal historian. We cannot imagine "little Washington" ever having climbed on to great Washington's knee, played with his watch-seals, or galloped about on his gold-headed cane. There is no indication of his ever having been caressed or flogged by his grandmamma's august husband; yet there must have been such dear and intimate associations and recollections.

In looking over *Watson's Annals* the other day, I fastened with avidity on the author's sketch of old Hannah Till, who for six years served in the establishment of General Washington as cook, and for half a year was lent to Lafayette. Think what a rich mine of Ethiopian reminiscence! But the old annalist seems to have feared to work it, though he

pleasantly adds to his meagre report: "More might be said, but it might savor of gossip to say more. She has since gone to her reward." And it was full time, for the estimable Hannah attained to the somewhat over-ripe age of a hundred and five.

On the question of her master's piety, old Hannah's testimony is not very explicit. She "expected that he prayed, but she never knew that he did."

When the subject of his occasional profanity is broached, we feel that that important and long disputed question is to be settled; for a man may possibly be a hero to his valet, but never a saint to his cook. We feel that we are to have the final judgment of the kitchen tribunal on the most sacred and august character of modern times; yet here also Hannah is a little evasive. Her reply, put in rather stilted language, was that ideas about religion were not very strict in those days, and that she *thought* the General did not always guard against the sin of profanity, in moments of excitement. Then she pensively added that she well remembered an occasion when she had the honor to so move that serene and lofty spirit from its habitual equipoise, that he called her "a cussed old fool," which is satisfactory as far as it goes. Yet one *would* like to know whether the occasion was muddy coffee or underdone flap-jacks.

In Haverhill, Mass., they have a pretty tradition about Washington. When he visited that town, on his Northern tour in 1789, he stopped at a public-house. As the night was chilly, the landlady decided that his bed should be warmed, and for this purpose filled with coals her best brass warming-pan, and sent it up to his chamber in the hands of her fair young daughter. The tradition goes on to say that this modest maiden was so overcome by the sight of the great man, standing on the hearth, winding up his watch, that she hurried through her task, but in tripping from the room she unluckily, or luckily, as the event proved, stumbled and fell, and that Washington not only lifted her to her feet, but kissed her.

Well was it for the "immortal chief" that no Yankee Prince Giglio appeared upon the scene, to come down on that anointed head with the warming-pan!

Now, they have in Philadelphia a tradition which strikingly contrasts with the above. When Washington was residing in the Presidential Mansion on High Street, now Market, some painters were engaged in painting the upper hall, and one of them, a gay young fellow, meeting one morning, at the head of the stairs, a favorite maid of Mrs. Washington, not only barred her passage, but kissed her.

Taken by surprise, the damsel sent forth a scream which brought the Father of his Country in alarm from his chamber. Immediately on the offence being made known to him, he elevated his foot, which was by no means a small one, and kicked the unlucky painter downstairs!

Where, save in the great character of a Washington, may we find united such amiable weakness, and such severe virtue?

Awhile since, in looking over a Philadelphia Directory for 1797, my heart gave a great bound as I came upon this entry:

"WASHINGTON, GEORGE, 190 *High Street.*"

To the disgrace of Philadelphia, that house, second only in historic interest to Independence Hall, was many years ago demolished.

But, for a few charmed hours of a mid-summer evening, some twenty years ago, that mansion stood again for me, and Washington walked before my eyes, "in his habit as he lived;" and yet the only magic conjuration was the clear memory of a gracious old man, who, in his early childhood, was a neighbor of Washington, his parents living on Sixth Street, near High Street.

At the house of a friend in Philadelphia, Gen. Hector Tyndal, I was so fortunate as to meet this

Mr. Robert E. Gray, a man past fourscore, but wonderfully well preserved—looking much younger than his years—a gentleman of the old school in courteousness of manner and neatness of dress, tall and stately, and with a fresh and handsome countenance. In person and demeanor, he reminded me strongly of Walter Savage Landor, as I saw him in his eighty-first year.

When I asked Mr. Gray for his recollections of Washington, he said: "Bless you, I have little to tell. I was so very young at the time when I knew him, that I have only childish recollections, mere trifles, which will scarcely interest you." On my assuring him that these were just the things I wanted to hear, he talked modestly, in response to much questioning, of the old days of Philadelphia, and of the great President and his household.

In his childhood, he said, the place where we then were, on Tenth Street near Arch, with the roar of the great city about us, was quite in the rural districts. He remembered going to bathe in a little pond, near the corner of Sixth and Arch streets, a secluded and shaded spot. High Street, the fashionable avenue, was only paved as far up as Ninth, but it was planted with rows of the Lombardy poplar nearly out to the Schuylkill, and was the favorite Sunday promenade of the citizens.

"Washington's house," said Mr. Gray, "was thought a very fine mansion. It was what was called 'a house and a half'—that is, the hall was not in the middle, but had two windows at the right, and one window at the left. It was two stories and a half high, with dormer windows. It was rented for the President of Robert Morris, but originally belonged to Galloway, the Tory."

"Was Washington the stately and formal personage he has been represented?"

"Yes, he was a very dignified gentleman, with the most elegant manners—very nice in his dress, careful and punctual. I suppose he would be thought a little stiff nowadays."

"Did you ever hear him laugh heartily?"

"Why no, I think I never did."

"Was he always grave, as you remember him, or did he smile now and then?"

"Why, bless you, yes, he always smiled on children! He was particularly popular with small boys. When he went in state to Independence Hall, in his cream-colored chariot, drawn by six bays, and with postilions and out-riders, and when he set out for and returned from Mount Vernon, we boys were on hand; he could always count us in, to huzza and wave our hats for him, and he used to

touch his hat to us as politely as though we had been so many veteran soldiers on parade."

"Were you ever in his house, as a child?"

"Oh, yes; after his great dinners he used to tell the steward to let in the little fellows, and we, the boys of the immediate neighborhood, who were never far off on such occasions, crowded about the table and made quick work with the remaining cakes, nuts, and raisins.

"Washington had a habit of pacing up and down the large front room on the first floor, in the early twilight, with his hands behind him; and one evening a little boy, who had never seen him, in attempting to climb up to an open window to look in upon him, fell and hurt himself. Washington heard him cry, rung for a servant, and sent him to inquire about the accident—for, after all, he was very soft-hearted, at least toward children. The servant came back and said: 'The boy was trying to get a look at you, sir.' 'Bring him in,' said the General, and, when the boy came in, he patted him on the head and said: 'You wanted to see General Washington, did you? Well, I am General Washington.' But the little fellow shook his head and said: 'No, you are only just a man, I want to see the President.'

"They say Washington laughed, and told the

boy that he was the President, and a *man* for all that. Then he had the servant give the little fellow some nuts and cakes and dismissed him."

I asked Mr. Gray if he remembered the Custis children.

"Yes," he said; "I often saw them at the windows, or driving out with Mrs. Washington in her English coach."

They did not seem to have left a very vivid and human impression on his memory. With their fine clothes and company manners, with their attendants, tutors, dancing and music masters, they must have seemed very strange, inaccessible, and unenviable little personages to all the happy, free-and-easy children of the neighborhood.

"Do you remember Washington's *levées* and Mrs. Washington's drawing-rooms?" I asked.

"Yes, I remember hearing *about* them. All the evening parties were over by nine o'clock, and the President's house was dark and silent by ten. They were great affairs, but I was too young to know much about them. I attended his *horse-levées*. I was very fond of visiting his stables, early in the morning, at the hour when he always went to inspect them. I liked to see him at that work, for he seemed to enjoy it himself. Like General Grant, he was a great lover of horses. I can almost think I

see him now, come striding out from his house across the yard to the stables, booted and spurred, but bareheaded and in his shirt-sleeves."

"Washington in his shirt-sleeves!"

"Yes, madam; but he was always *Washington.* The grooms stood aside, silent and respectful, while he examined every stall and manger, and regularly went over every horse—I mean, he passed over a portion of its coat his large white hand, always looking to see if it was soiled, or if any loose hairs had come off on it. If so, the groom was reprimanded and ordered to do his work over. Generally, however, Washington would say: 'Very well. Now, John, get out Prescott and Jackson' (his white chargers). 'I'll be ready by the time you come round.'"

"Did he ride at so early an hour?"

"Yes; generally between five and six of a pleasant morning he was off; and he almost always rode up to Point-no-Point, on the Delaware, a little way above Richmond. He was a fine horseman, and, being a long-bodied man, looked grandly on horseback. It was a sight worth getting up early to see."

Here came a pause, and then I propounded the momentous old question:

"Did Washington ever swear?"

"Well, as for that, I cannot speak from my own

observation. Washington had great self-control—he was a moral man—a religious man, for those times, and did not swear upon small occasions, and I should say, never before children ; but, from what I have heard my father and old soldiers say, I think he must have blazed away considerably in times of great excitement. He was very tender of his favorite horses, and I remember to have heard how a young aide or secretary asked leave to ride one of his white chargers on the way to Mount Vernon ; how the General allowed him to, but cautioned him not to rein up the horse too tightly ; and that after a while Washington saw he was worrying the animal, and cautioned him again ; but the fellow kept on pulling and jerking at the bit, until the creature became almost unmanageable. Then Washington broke upon him, like a whole battery, ordered him to dismount, and swore tremendously. I remember, too, that I once heard an army-officer tell about his cursing some general who disobeyed him in battle."

" Lee, at Monmouth."

" Yes, I believe so. Anyhow, my informant said it was the greatest sort of swearing, yet wasn't so awful as Washington's face at the time. He said, I remember, ' I never saw the *devil* before.'

"These things were told of him, but not told *against* him. It was the fashion of those times,

and you know there's swearing, and swearing."

At this point, I ventured to relate a little story, recently told me by a descendant of General Greene of Rhode Island, from whom came the original anecdote, which was this:—

During that terribly trying winter at Valley Forge, Washington, in the worst weather, went frequently about the miserable camp by himself, to see how his poor soldiers were faring, and happened late, one bitterly cold afternoon, to come upon "an awkward squad," engaged in building a log-hut, under the angry derisive direction of an insolent young lieutenant, lately arrived at winter quarters. After listening for a few moments the General, shocked at such brutality, called out authoritatively, yet quietly: "Don't abuse your men, lieutenant! Can't you see that they are half frozen?"

Failing to recognize his great superior officer in the tall figure, wrapped in a long military cloak, and standing under a dark pine, in the snowy twilight, the young subaltern shouted back—"Mind your damned business! Who are *you* anyhow?" Then the tall figure under the pine grew yet taller, and like a thunder-burst came the answer: "*I* am General George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the Continental armies, by God! and I order you under arrest."

Mr. Gray laughed and rubbed his hands over this grand outburst of profanity and humanity, saying: "That's a story I could swear to, though I never heard it before."

I questioned Mr. Gray in regard to Washington's dignity of manner. "Was it," I asked, "of such a lofty and awe-inspiring quality as has been represented? Did it impose on small boys and foreign ambassadors alike?"

"Why, as for that, madam," he replied, "I can safely say that I have seen nothing like it in these later times. It has gone out of fashion, even with presidents!"

Again I was skeptical and irreverent enough to ask: "How much of it was in the man, George Washington, and how much in the station and in the clothes? The costume of gentlemen of that day was, you remember, elaborate and imposing. A man in the Continental uniform of a Major-General, or in a full-dress suit of black or purple velvet, with rich lace ruffles, with a sword at his side, with his hair tightly queued and thoroughly powdered, was somehow compelled to be dignified."

"Perhaps so; still, Washington was impressive even for that time, and its costume. I remember hearing, when I was a child, with something like horror, a story of a young Englishman of rank—a

traveller in this country, who laid a wager with an American officer that he would dare to accost Washington with familiarity, at one of his own receptions. Accordingly, at the next *levée*, he just walked boldly up to the President, and laying his hand on his shoulder, he says: 'How are you, General? What's new?'

"They said Washington never uttered one word in reply, nor even made a movement of surprise; but he turned slowly and *looked* at the offender, who afterward said, 'He almost looked me through the floor;' then he crossed to the other side of the room. I don't think the young man ever cared to repeat his little experiment."

This anecdote has been told of Gouverneur Morris, but Mr. Gray seemed quite positive that the rash individual who thus playfully laid his hand on the mane of the Lion of the Republic, was a sort of representative of the British Lion—a sprig of the nobility—one who had looked on the face of great George the Third, and perhaps knew by sight that other George, most profligate of princes in morals and prodigal in waistcoats.

Mr. Gray continued: "Commonly, General Washington walked out in the morning without any attendants. He used to go from his house down High Street to Second Street, on which he often

stopped for a few moments, at his watchmaker's, to compare his time with that in the shop. Sometimes, he set his watch by the clock in the old State House. He walked down Second to Chestnut, and up Chestnut to the corner of Fifth, where he would stop for a half hour or so at the War Office. From thence, he walked up to Sixth Street, and then home. He was so regular and punctual, that people knew just when and where to meet him on his walks. Everybody knew him, and everybody made way for him most respectfully—the men, unless Quakers, removing their hats, and the women bowing or courtesying. Washington always acknowledged such marks of respect, even from the poorest and humblest, in his own grand way."

Mr. Gray spoke highly of Timothy Pickering, Washington's Secretary of War, saying "he was an eminently honest man, and a prodigious worker." He illustrated this Secretary's tireless industry and rigid system by a singular account given him by a family friend or relative, named, I believe, White, who for some years was employed in the War Office.

"Mr. White," he said, "heard that Pickering wanted a clerk, and he applied for the position, early one morning, with a letter of recommendation. Mr. Pickering said little, but gave him a paper to

copy. He was pleased with White's handwriting and the dispatch he had used, and set him to work at once. They wrote there in almost total silence till noon. Then Mr. Pickering said: 'Now, Mr. White, we take an hour for dinner. Be here promptly at one, if you please.' From one to six they worked, then Mr. Pickering says: 'Now, Mr. White, we go to tea. I shall expect to meet you here at seven precisely, to work till nine.' At nine the poor clerk was dismissed for the night, but was told to report for duty at seven in the morning, which he did.

"This day was a sample of most of the days in that office, and the work of both the Secretary and his man was performed standing, at high desks. There was but one chair in the room, and that was sacredly set apart for the President. Nobody ever sat in it but General Washington. He would come in at the same hour, to a minute, every day, for a certain length of time, and always say, 'Good-morning, Colonel Pickering!' in the same measured tone. Then he would lay his hat, gloves, and gold-headed cane on the table, and sit down in the big arm-chair. Then the Secretary would hand him papers to be examined and signed, or stand before him to receive his orders, saying little himself. After business was over, Washington never stayed to chat about

lighter matters, not even to 'talk horse;' but took up his hat, gloves, and cane, and with another stately 'Good-morning, Colonel Pickering,' went out, and left the Secretary and his man to their work."

"Pray tell me what salary your friend, Mr. White, received."

"Three or four hundred dollars a year. The Secretary himself had fifteen hundred."

What chief clerk of any department of Government, however well paid, feels called upon nowadays, to labor like this old-time official?

I asked Mr. Gray what he thought of Robert Morris.

"I think what Washington thought of him," he said—"that his talent for financiering and his patriotic devotion did very much toward saving the nation.

"My father was Washington's confidential courier, and I have often heard him tell of a call made by the Commander-in-Chief on Mr. Morris at a very critical time, and how nobly it was responded to.

"The army was encamped near Trenton, and was nearly out of supplies, and quite out of money.

"One morning my father was summoned to Washington's tent, and the General said to him: 'Gray, in how short a time could you ride down to Philadelphia? I want you to take a letter to Mr.

Robert Morris, and there is the utmost need for dispatch.'

"My father named the shortest time possible for making the journey with a fleet horse.

"'Then just take the best horse in the army, and set off at once with this letter,' said Washington.

"'Well, General,' said my father, 'the best horse I know of in the army is your chestnut sorrel.'

"He did not expect that Washington would allow him to take that horse, for it was his favorite, but he said at once: 'Take him.' And my father rode him to Philadelphia, and made good time with him.

"When Robert Morris read the letter, he asked: 'How soon can you start for Trenton with my reply to General Washington, Mr. Gray?'

"'As soon, sir, as I can get a fresh horse,' said my father. 'It won't do to ride back General Washington's chestnut sorrel.'

"'Of course not,' said Mr. Morris. 'Go to my stable, and take the best horse you can find. I am in haste to assure General Washington that I will do all I can to meet his wishes.'"

What example, I ask, of Roman patriotism, can surpass that of these two modern heroes and horse lovers?

Mr. Gray continued:

"My father got safely back to headquarters with

the reply of Mr. Morris. He said Washington's face lighted up when he read it; but he must have known pretty much what it would be, for he had every thing ready for marching, and in five minutes the drums beat and the bugle sounded, and the whole army was in motion. You see, he had written to Morris to supply money and provisions, and Morris had consented, and set to work with all his energy. The morning after my father's hurried visit to Philadelphia, my mother returned from market, at about six o'clock, saying: 'It's well I went so early! If I had been a half-hour later, I should not have been able to get a pound of beef or bacon. Robert Morris is sending his men all about to buy up provisions for the army.'

"When, a few months later, she was one night roused from her sleep by the old watchman crying under her window, 'Past twelve o'clock, and Lord Cornwallis is taken!' she knew, and all our people knew, that Robert Morris had had a great deal to do in bringing about that surrender, which virtually ended the war. He had been the right hand of Washington. Yet, while Washington was President, Robert Morris was confined in the old debtor's prison in Philadelphia."

"What a shame!" one of us hotly exclaimed. "Why did not Congress pay his debts, and liberate

one to whom the nation owed so great a debt?"

"Well, that was not thought practicable. His liabilities were immense, and the precedent would have been, perhaps, a little dangerous. He was a rash manager of his own affairs. He bore his misfortunes bravely, they said; but I think he used to look very sad as he walked up and down the narrow prison-yard. Sometimes, I remember, he seemed to be listening, in a pleased sort of way, to old Billy Wood, the play-actor, who was also in difficulties. Wood was an educated man, and good company."

I questioned our friend as to his impressions of Lafayette, Jefferson, Hamilton, and Burr. But he had only seen them casually, and had very faint recollections of them. Aaron Burr he remembered as "a little, alert man, with very bright, dark eyes."

O those wonderful Edwards eyes, full of power, and fate, and predestination!—those keen, eager, passionate eyes—they seem to beam on unquenchably in the memory of all on whom their glance ever fell, even carelessly and for a moment!

When Wendell Phillips was a child, Aaron Burr was pointed out to him, on Broadway, I think. He did not then know much of the life and the genius, the sin and the sorrow of that famous and infamous old man, but he felt and never forgot the power of his eyes. I once asked a venerable relative who in

his youth met Aaron Burr, what he remembered of him.

"Not very much," he replied; "he was a small man, very quick in his movements, and with remarkable eyes."

Mr. Gray also, I think, described Jefferson as small, or as looking so, in comparison with Washington, that one grand and lofty figure, that evidently stood apart and unapproachable in the long gallery of his memory. He beheld that figure still through the beautifying and exalting atmosphere, the rosy mist of childish love and reverence—after all, a truer medium, doubtless, than the cold light of latter-day theories of his life and character, speculative and skeptical. To him Washington seemed both nearer and farther off than he seems to us. Those calm blue eyes, dust and darkness for nearly seventy years, shone for the old man, as they shone on the little boy, with a lofty but not unkindly look. Their color was to him like the far blue of summer skies—not like the cold blue of Alpine glaciers.

The more than royal dignity of that martial and paternal presence was to him simply and grandly heroic. The pure morality and honest Christian faith of the leader and savior of the nation; of the representative gentleman, with his careful punctuality and unerring propriety, his generous hospital-

ities and exact economies; of the kind neighbor and just master; of the lover of children, dogs and horses, were to him better than all the philanthropy and much of the religion of our time.

While this friend talked with us, I, for one, felt that I had taken a dip into the golden past. I half fancied that I too had seen Washington, and had my little head thatched for a moment by his broad white hand; that I had eaten sweetmeats from that bounteous table in the old High Street house; or, better still, met Washington in his stable, among his horses.

But all such pleasant illusions were dispelled by our visitor glancing at the clock on the mantel, and exclaiming: "Bless me, it is nearly eleven! I must be going."

Then he shook hands all round, and with kindly adieux and graceful compliments, left us, reverently thankful for the golden gossip of the charming old man whose silver-crowned head, sunny in the light of long ago, had been patted by the hand of the *Pater Patriæ.*

Ah! what a troop of old-time shades went out after him into the summer night! Washington, stately as ever, but more human and home-like than he had before seemed to me. About him was a faint, agreeable equine odor, and the shadow of a

stag-hound trotted after him. Beside him walked his comely, comfortable wife; and just following went pretty, prim Nelly Custis, and that young prig, Master George Washington Parke Custis.

We might have pictured, as waiting for this august party, in the dim starlight, just outside General Tyndal's hospitable door, the old cream-colored chariot, drawn by six spectral bays, with a ghostly John on the box, the lively apparition of a footman beside the steps, and a smart spook of a postilion mounted in front. These all vanished without sound of rumble or gallop, with silent cracks of impalpable whips, and inaudible huzzas from the little boys of long ago.

Robert Morris passed out with head bowed, and after him, with something of a stage-stride, "Billy Wood, the play-actor." Then went Thomas Jefferson, with his cold, unbelieving face, and Timothy Pickering hurrying back to the War-Office, and Alexander Hamilton, with his grave, statesmanlike mien, and Aaron Burr, with his quick, nervous step, and his magnetic, masterful eyes.

And so closed our evening with the past.

WORTHY TO COME NEXT.

A TRUE STORY OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

During the summer of the most disastrous and doubtful year of the late war, the colonel of a New Hampshire regiment lay for some weeks extremely ill of camp fever, near Hampton Roads, in Virginia. Hearing of his critical condition, his wife left her northern home, and, after much difficulty, made her way to his bedside. Her cheerful presence and careful nursing so far restored him, that he was in a short time able to be transferred to Washington.

In the Potomac River, the steamer in which the invalid officer, Colonel Scott, and his wife had taken passage, was sunk, in a collision with a larger vessel, in the night-time. The crew and nearly all the soldiers on board were rescued, or saved themselves; but amid the horrible confusion of the scene, Colonel Scott became separated from his wife, and she was lost. The Colonel was picked up in the water

by the crew of the larger steamer, and under his direction every effort was made to discover his wife, or rather her body, for all hope of finding her alive was soon abandoned. The sad search was fruitless; it was resumed in the morning, the people along the shore, humane Confederates, lending their aid. But the gray, sullen river refused to give up its dead, and the young officer, half frantic with grief, was compelled to go on to Washington. Within a week, however, he received word from below that the body of the lady had been washed on shore—that those good country people, generous foes, had secured it, cared for it, and were keeping it for him.

It happened that just at that time imperative orders were issued from the War Department, prohibiting all intercourse with the Peninsula—a necessary precaution against the premature disclosure of important military plans. So it was with some misgivings that Colonel Scott applied to Mr. Secretary Stanton for leave to return to Virginia, on his melancholy duty.

"Impossible, Colonel," replied Mr. Stanton, firmly; "no one can have leave to go down the river, at this time, on any private mission whatever. Our present exigencies demand the most stringent regulations; and I hope I need not say to you that

no merely personal considerations should be allowed to interfere with great national interests. Your case is a sad one; but this is a critical, perilous, cruel time. 'The dead must bury the dead.'"

The Colonel would have entreated, but the busy Secretary cut him short with another "impossible," from which there was absolutely no appeal. He went forth from the presence, and returned to his hotel, quite overwhelmed.

Fortunately, he was that afternoon visited by a friend, to whom he told the story of his unsuccessful application and sad perplexity, and who immediately exclaimed, "Why not apply to the President?"

The Colonel had but little hope, but acknowledging that the plan was worth trying, drove with his friend to the White House.

They were too late. It was Saturday evening, and Mr. Lincoln had gone to spend Sunday at Soldier's Rest, his summer retreat. This was but a few miles from town, and the Colonel's indomitable friend proposed that they should follow him out, and they went.

There was then a popular belief that all the wronged, the troubled, and suffering could find a refuge in "Father Abraham's" capacious bosom; a belief that was not far out of the way. Yet there were times when overburdened, wearied, tortured,

the patriarch longed to clear that asylum of its forlorn inmates, to bolt and bar and double-lock it against the world; times when life became too hard and perplexing for his genial, honest nature, too serious and tragic and rascally a thing by half.

It happened, unluckily, that the poor Colonel and his friend found the President in one of his most despondent and disgusted moods. He was in his little private parlor, alone in the gloaming. He was lounging loosely in a large rocking-chair, jutting over it in all directions. His slippered feet were exalted, his rough head was thrown back, his long throat bare—he was in his shirt-sleeves! Yes, dear, fastidious reader, it *was* genuine Yankee *abandon*, —make the most of it!

He turned upon his visitors a look of almost savage inquiry. There was,indeed, in his usually pleasant eyes, a wild, angry gleam; a something like the glare of a worried animal at bay.

Colonel Scott proceeded very modestly to tell his story; but the President interrupted him to say brusquely, "Go to Stanton; this is *his* business."

"I *have* been to him, Mr. President, and he will do nothing for me."

"You have been to him, and got your answer, and still presume to come to me? Am I to have no rest? no privacy? Must I be dogged to my

last fastnesses and worried to death by inches? Mr. Stanton has done just right. He knows what he is about. Your demands are unreasonable, sir."

"But, Mr. Lincoln, I thought *you* would feel for me."

"*Feel for you!* Good God! I have to feel for five hundred thousand more unfortunate than you. We are at war, sir: don't you know we are at war? Sorrow is the lot of all; bear your share like a man and a soldier."

"I try to, Mr. President, but it seems hard. My devoted wife lost her life for coming to nurse me in my sickness, and I cannot even take her body home to my children."

"Well, she ought not to have come down to the army. She should have stayed at home. That is the place for women. But if they *will* go tearing about the country, in such times as these, and running into all sorts of danger, they must take the consequences! Not but that I am sorry for you, Colonel. As for your wife, she's at rest, and I wish I were."

Saying this, the President leaned back wearily in his chair, and closed his eyes, not noticing, except by a slight wave of his hand, the departure of his visitors.

I am not ashamed to confess that my hero tossed

restlessly that night, upon a pillow wet with manly tears, that he was desperate and resentful, utterly unresigned to the decrees of Providence and the War Department, and that he thought Abraham Lincoln as hard as he was ugly, and as inhumane as he was ungainly.

Toward morning he fell asleep, and slept late. Before he was fully dressed, there came a quick knock at the door of his chamber, and he opened to President Lincoln!

The good man came forward, pale and eager, tears glistening in his eyes, and grasped the Colonel's hand, saying, "I treated you brutally last night. I ask your pardon. I was utterly tired out, badgered to death. I generally become about as savage as a wild cat by Saturday night, drained dry of the milk of human kindness. I must have seemed to you the very gorilla the rebels paint me. I was sorry enough for it, when you were gone. *I could not sleep a moment last night*, so I thought I'd drive into town, in the cool of the morning, and make it all right. Fortunately, I had little difficulty in finding you."

"This is very good of you, Mr. President," said the Colonel, deeply moved.

"No, it isn't; but that was very *bad* of me, last night. I never should have forgiven myself, if I

had let that piece of ugly work stand. That was a noble wife of yours, Colonel! You were a happy man to have such a noble woman to love you; and you must be a good fellow, or such a woman would never have risked so much for you. And what grand women there are in these times, Colonel! What angels of devotion and mercy, and how brave and plucky!—going everywhere at the call of duty, facing every danger! I tell you, if it were not for the women, we should all go to the devil, and should deserve to. They are the salvation of the nation. Now, come, Colonel; my carriage is at the door. I'll drive you to the War Department, and we'll see Stanton about this matter."

Even at that early hour, and Sunday morning though it was, they found the Secretary at his post. The President pleaded the case of Colonel Scott, and not only requested that leave of absence should be given him, but that a steamer should be sent down the river expressly to bring up the body of his wife. "Humanity, Mr. Stanton," said the good President, his homely face transfigured with the glow of earnest tender feeling, "humanity should overrule considerations of policy, and even military necessity, in matters like this."

The Secretary was touched, and he said something of his regret at not having felt himself at lib-

erty to grant Colonel Scott's request in the first place.

"No, no, Mr. Stanton," said the President; "you did right in adhering to your own rules; you are the right man for this place. If we had such a soft-hearted fool as I here, there would be no rules or regulations that the army or country could depend upon. But this is a peculiar case. Only think of that poor woman!"

Of course, the "impossible" was accomplished. To the surprise of the Colonel, the President insisted on driving him to the Navy-yard, to see that the Secretary's order was carried out immediately; seeming to have a nervous fear that some obstacle might be thrown in the way of the pious expedition. He waited at the landing till all was ready, then charged the officers of the steamer to give every assistance and attention to his "friend, Colonel Scott." With him he shook hands warmly at parting, saying, "God bless you, my dear fellow, I hope you will have no more trouble in this sad affair—and, Colonel, try to forget last night."

Away up in a New Hampshire church-yard there is a certain grave still carefully watched and tended by a faithful love. But every April time the violets on that mound speak not alone of the womanly sweetness and devotion of her who sleeps below—they are tender and tearful with the memory of the good President.

THREE GREAT WOMEN.

WRITTEN IN FLORENCE IN JANUARY, 1881.

I DO not think that anywhere out of England could we have been so saddened by the death of George Eliot as here in Florence, where she had been much in our thoughts, because her great Florentine novel had been much in our hands. The heavy news took all the gladness out of the Christmas *festa*. The bells of Florence, whose "solemn hammer sound" she used to love, seemed to be tolling for the "large-brained woman and great-hearted man." In the morning of the new year we are still under the shadow, and we feel that it will not lift for many a day. Indeed, the sense of loss deepens as we realize more acutely that a guiding star of thought has been quenched in sudden night; that a large, tender, pitying, brooding soul has been withdrawn from us. We go about the streets of the dear old city tracing out the scenes of "Romola," always read with a new interest here, where we recognize the

marvelous accuracy of its local coloring, where even its purely imaginative portion seems more real than history, more true than fact. I see this work rather lightly spoken of as "a sketch of Savonarola and his times;" but to me the presentation of the great *Frate*, the martyred prophet and seer, in that wonderful book, is infinitely more than "a sketch." It is a bold, strong, broad, flesh-and-blood portrait, such as Michael Angelo might have painted. It is this Savonarola, and not that of the historians, which we half look to see in his cell at San Marco, in the prison-chamber of the Bargello, in the Chapel of the Last Sacrament in the Palazzo Vecchio. But beyond even this masterly portrait, beyond the statuesque figure of Romola—grand, heroic, sweet, solemn Romola—the noblest woman ever created even by George Eliot, whose soul seemed an inexhaustible quarry of noble womanhood, was that consummate work of art, Tito Melema. Here was a marvelously profound, complex psychological study, yet a creation warm with all the hues of life, made possible and probable by all the attributes of a distinct and consistent human personality. What a wondrous fascination there is about that beautiful, sensuous, pleasure-loving, ease-seeking young Greek! Yet what a feeling you have, when he takes his first hesitating steps in evil, that the river beside him

can as easily be turned back on its course as he on that which he has allowed his steps to slide into. The great sea calls to the Arno. Fate lays its fiat on the soul of the man. It is this grim element of the fateful which enters into every life-tragedy in George Eliot's novels. You cannot question motive or necessity. You feel they are what they are by as certain a law of evolution, by as stern a law of retribution as directed the great tragedies of Æschylus.

When I was in Florence, five years ago, from that sacred house opposite the Pitti, marked by a marble tablet which tells us that here lived and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, I went in search of a certain house in the Via de' Bardi, described vaguely as "one of those large, sombre masses of stone building, pierced by comparatively small windows, and surmounted by what may be called a roofed terrace or loggia." The personality, so noble, yet so ineffably sweet, which made of Casa Guidi a "pilgrim shrine," and something dearer for me, was scarcely more real than that which, "though of imagination all compact," imparted a strange, sad interest to the home of Romola de' Bardi.

I had the happiness of knowing George Eliot in London many years ago, meeting her occasionally at the house of Mr. Chapman—then, I think, her home. She was at that time known only as Miss Evans, a

young lady of remarkable intellect and acquirements. I did not divine her absolute genius. She was not brilliant in the ordinary sense; yet she made a deep impression upon me, and I have yet a distinct recollection of her. She was fair, and struck me as slight and thin for an English woman; perhaps because of the unusual size of her head and the massive character of her features. Her hair, which I have seen described as "auburn," was almost blonde and very abundant. She wore it, after what was then an English fashion, in large clusters of curls on either side of her face. I must still think that a beautiful mode for beautiful hair. It certainly served to soften the lady's heavy jaw and somewhat too prominent nose and cheek-bones, as a similar arrangement served to richly frame the small, pale face of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Miss Evans certainly impressed me at first as exceedingly plain, with her aggressive jaw and her evasive blue eyes. Neither nose, nor mouth, nor chin were to my liking; but, as she grew interested and earnest in conversation, a great light flashed over or out of her face, till it seemed transfigured, while the sweetness of her rare smile was something quite indescribable. It is over the massive or craggy features so often belonging to men and women of genius that the sunlight of a great soul

plays most gloriously. She was then, as I have heard she always continued, singularly modest in regard to her own work and aims; but she could no more hide her prodigious learning than an Egyptian obelisk, carved from base to summit with hieroglyphic lore, could present a blank face to the world. I remember I was a little afraid of her erudition, and kept in the very outer circles of the after-dinner discussions on scientific or ethical questions, in which she was at home. Still, she was very considerate, and more than once shifted the conversation to topics more familiar to me, showing a generous and intelligent interest in our American institutions and literature. Slavery was then "the burning question," and I was grateful to find her more tolerant of our great inherited national sin than most English people, as she more clearly comprehended our great national difficulty. That unhappy "institution" was then a great barrier, a sort of sea of ice, between the English and American mind. They pitied and they reprehended us. Perhaps it was because of my too sensitive Americanism; but Miss Evans seemed to me to the last lofty and cold. I felt that her head was among the stars—the stars of a winter night. This was before "Adam Bede" had revealed to us the heart of fire under the snows of Hecla.

Her low, soft voice, which is now spoken of as "sweet and exquisitely modulated," seemed to me wanting in that something sympathetic and endearing which such voices usually possess. It was not exactly indifferent; but it seemed to have no vibrations of human weakness, whatever later sorrow and passion may have imparted to it. Subdued as it was, it was the voice of a strong woman; of one who needed not to assert herself and cared not for recognition.

Before I revisited London, Marian Evans had been merged in George Eliot, and I never met her in the period of her greatest renown. I was deterred from attempting to see her by the fear that, in the many intervening years, she had forgotten me, as though she ever forgot anybody, or anything! I heard also, that she shrank from meeting strangers of her own sex, however well introduced, as women of the world, and liberal-minded, lest she should see in their eyes or feel in their manner, a wondering disapproval of her anomalous social position and defective ethics.

I did not approve and I did wonder, but had we met, she would have seen in my eyes, only grateful admiration for her genius, her heroic toil and splendid achievements, a sad respect for her courageous patient, grandly reticent soul. Could I have seen her

again, it would not have been to judge her—but it was not to be! When, assured that she remembered me kindly, I made the effort, I found that she was absent from London. Not long after her return I heard of the illness and death of Mr. Lewes, and knew, of course, that it was not a time to try to see her; then (ah! how soon it seemed!) I heard of her marriage to Mr. Cross, and felt that it was not yet time, and now there will never be a time. But when I return to London, I will make a pilgrimage to that grave in Highgate cemetery. I am glad they did not bury her in the Abbey, where thousands of curious casual visitors might tramp about her and over her, hurrying on to the chapels where the queens lie, but on that lovely height of repose, when all who come to that spot shall be real pilgrims. She belonged to the whole world; she lies out in the world, yet but a little way removed from the vast city, over whose struggling, aspiring, suffering human life her great heart yearned, with a divine trouble. Over the grave of the greatest woman of England no bannered arches rise, no stained windows turn light into dusky glory, around it shall come no sacerdotal splendor and stir; but above it shall unroll all the pomp of the heavens, and by it shall pass the grand possession of the seasons.

Florence reverently keeps the dust of another

great Englishwoman "whose poetry was a golden link between Italy and England," and more golden largess for the world. She lies under the Tuscan sunlight, among the Tuscan flowers she loved so well. Elizabeth Barrett Browning and George Eliot should have been friends. They seem to me complements—the devout, singing soul, the grand creative mind of Anglo-Saxon womanhood. Milton might have stood sponsor for the one—Shakespeare for the other.

During my first visit to Florence, in my youth, I had the rare happiness of spending many a charmed hour with the Brownings, in Casa Guidi. He was all brightness, gladness and impassioned energy, hers was a subdued glow of life, an underlying warmth and strength—her very presence was inspiration, gracious sympathy, comfort inexpressible.

What most impressed me in this great little woman was not her genius nor her erudition, but her spirituality, her clear insight into divine mysteries, her knowledge of things glorious and unutterable, "which eye hath not seen, and ear hath not heard." Great as is my reverence for George Eliot it seems to me that just here was her lacking—the want of spirituality. Abundance of imagination she had, but the divine element lay almost dormant in her nature. One of her critics has stated

that she held as a solemn conviction, the result of a lifetime of observation, that "in proportion as the thoughts of men and women are removed from the earth on which they live—are directed from their own mutual relations and responsibilities, of which they alone know anything, to an invisible world, which alone can be apprehended by belief—they are led to neglect their duty to each other, to squander their strength in vain speculations, which can result in no profit to themselves or their fellow creatures, which diminish their capacity for strenuous and worthy action during a span of life, brief indeed, but whose consequences will extend to remote posterity."

In this portion of her philosophy, in this tenet of her "religion of humanity," George Eliot seems to have grappled with a great truth,—yet after all, it is but a half-truth. The "anointed eyes" of Elizabeth Barrett Browning beheld this invisible world, saw its imminent nearness to ours, which in fact is included in it as the crescent-moon is included in the unseen circle of the perfect orb into which it must grow. Much has been said of "George Eliot's philosophy." It is held, and I think justly, to have had on her readers, and yet more on those who came in personal contact with her, a refining and an elevating influence, and yet it seems, at times,

as dreary as it is lofty, and as cold as it is pure.

The heart of the good woman was moved and melted by the noblest and tenderest charity—a charity essentially Christian, the imagination of the poet stretched toward the mysterious, the immortal, the infinite; but the massive intellectuality of the philosopher inclined toward the materialistic and the fatalistic. There were pagan proclivities in her unbelieving belief. It is to this philosophy that her novels owe that "depressing effect" of which many complain, and which, more than her immense learning, "caviare to the general," must make her place in literature as lonely as it is lofty. It seems to me that even her faith in love was partial and halting—lacking spiritual courage. She never dared to follow her happiest, most loving lovers into the toil and tug of actual, every-day married and middle-life. She left them in the enchanted garden of youth and passion, and went out and shut the gate.

In connection, or rather in contrast, with George Eliot, I have thought much of late of our eloquent philanthropist, Lucretia Mott, that large-brained, soft-voiced woman whose sweet benignant face, though withdrawn from us, yet lights the way to "dusty death," and shines beyond. She also was, in religion, an advanced Liberal, with a spirit as broad as the heavens, and thoughts as free as their

winds; but if she had not a theological belief or creed positive and defined, she had yet a serene, steadfast faith, a profound though childlike trust in the supremacy of Good, in the omnipotence of Love. They were her divinities though she did not always name them God and Christ. The two noble women, the Quakeress and the Positivist, were moved by equal love and pity for their fellow-creatures, equal sympathy with the sorrows and needs of every form of "creation which groaneth and travaileth unto the perfect day;" but the one saw the perfect day in the face of fair humanity,—the other divined it from the imperative want, the immense dissatisfaction of her own great soul. Both at one time came in conflict with existing laws, but "with a difference:" the one in defence of the rights of a race to "life and liberty," the other in assertion of the right of the individual to the "pursuit of happiness." One leaves a memory in which there is nothing to "cause a brother to offend,"—the other has left a record over which the judicious may grieve, and weak and unwary feet may stumble. Yet I believe they were equally brave and sincere, equally unselfish in the beginning, perhaps always. I dare not judge. Both were mighty workers.

One, the woman of action, toiled cheerily amid the rush and turmoil of the world of her time,

eagerly watching the advancing day and the broadening horizon of human progress—toiled for the humblest, if not the most hopeless of God's creatures. The other, the woman of thought, wrought finely, patiently and somewhat sadly, in retreat from the world, for the most part, for already enlightened souls and advanced intelligences—wrought, ever haunted by a sense of laws immutable, inexorable —the stern doctrine of the eternal consequences of human actions. One rejoiced in the grand possibilities of life—the other was pained by its fatal limitations. One worked in the sunshine—the other in the shadow. One inspired in us infinite hope, the other infinite patience, or the one roused us to heroic struggle, the other nerved us to sublime endurance—the prophetess of the New World, the sibyl of the Old.

HOW WE STORMED PIKE'S PEAK, BEFORE THE RAILWAY.

A NEW-WORLD ADVENTURE.

YEARS ago, it matters not how many, but before the boldest enterprising brain in the then Territory of Colorado had dreamed of the railway which now renders the ascent of Pike's Peak an easy and prosaic affair, I, being then at Manitou, on my own acre-and-a-half-estate, under the shadow of the big mountain (alas! my lost paradise), was honored by the following gracious invitation to come up higher:

"The undersigned members of the United States Signal Corps have the honor to respectfully request the pleasure of your company at the opening of the Summit Station, Saturday, Oct. 11, 1873."

This was signed by the "Observer in Charge" and his assistants, and bore date, "United States Signal Office, Summit of Pike's Peak, Colorado Territory, 14,216 feet above sea level." With this startling invitation came a detailed and dazzling verbal

programme. The guests of the Signal Corps were expected to spend the night of the 10th on the dread summit—some said, were to be lodged and feasted at the new station for two nights and one entire day. Afterward, we heard that there was to be music and dancing—actually a ball to grace the occasion—with "white kids," "biled shirts," and "toothpick coats;" but, I believe, there was never any solid foundation for this rumor. Yet it was a novel and a magnificent idea to have a grand gathering of gay ladies and grave savans, with festivities of any kind, at so sublime an elevation, amid the fine, electrical airs, under the sweeping clouds of heaven. It would be like a wonderful play on a most stupendous stage, with some of the most glorious and awful scenery in the world.

The golden days rolled on and brought the goldenest day of all—the momentous Friday, the 10th of the month. We laughed at the old marine superstition when we saw it dawn in matchless splendor, warm, and almost still. Prudent friends, however, advised me not to venture on so grave an undertaking at so late a season of the year, reminding me of the well-known treachery of wicked old Pike, who sometimes, with his bald head bathed in sunlight, knocks down his visitors with tornadoes and steals all their vitality with ferocious cold. I wa-

vered, then I rallied; I gave up; I re-resolved; then I hesitated again. The woman who hesitates loses her horse. The first I knew, mine, or the one I had spoken for, was gone—lent to another and a bolder party. Then—I am proud of the fact, for it shows decision of character and iron nerve—just as soon as—the very moment that I found I could not go—I was determined to go. I dressed in ten minutes—actually in ten minutes. I ordered a carriage; had put in it my saddle and bridle and red camping blankets, then sprang in myself, and not stopping to bid a tender farewell to my only child, lest it should melt my stern resolve, dashed away toward the old "one-horse town," Colorado City, hoping to obtain that one horse and intercept the grand procession of Pike's Peakers, which was to leave the "new town," Colorado Springs, at 9 A. M. It was already considerably past that hour, but they had three miles to come. Arrived at this venerable metropolis, I drove to the first livery-stable. No horses—not even a mule. I drove to the second and last stable. There was but one pony belonging to the establishment sturdy enough to carry a woman of my weight up Pike's Peak, and he had just been turned out to grass after a summer of hard service; besides he was uncommonly spirited, and had never been mounted by one of the weaker

and timider sex. But science is remorseless and rash. I said I would take him, and all the risks, if he could be caught. You see, it seemed to me that if I did not make Pike's Peak on that day my life would be a signal failure. I think my spirit and resolve were contagious. The gallant stable-man started off at once, halter in hand, and soon passed out of sight over the windy, brown hills. I sat in the carriage calmly waiting upon fate, and lo, as I waited, I beheld, away at my right, the long procession of pilgrims slowly filing over the foot-hills, evidently making no account of me or my fortunes. They were taking a short cut to Bear Creek Cañon, and not coming through the old town at all! Then, for the first time, my courage failed me, and I talked of giving up; but my good driver cheered me by the assurance that if I could get my horse within half an hour I could overtake them by riding hard. I resolved to ride hard, if so be that I could ride at all. In a very brief time we heard the clatter of hoofs, and, looking round, saw the stable-man coming like the wind, on a fiery, compact little horse—the very animal for such an emergency. Never was pony more expeditiously saddled, bridled, and mounted. My blankets were strapped on behind me. I took my waterproof before me and was off, at first on a round trot—a good deal too round—

then on a lope, then on a long, swinging gallop that rapidly devoured the distance. The mouth of the cañon had ere this swallowed up the party I hoped to join, but I knew that by following the trail and keeping the telegraph poles in sight I would have them at last. I was not destined to go far on the wild way alone. Seeing two horsemen riding hard behind me, I took them not for highwaymen, but belated excursionists like me. They also proved to be friends and pleasant companions.

I saw that day for the first time, the grander and more rugged portion of Bear Creek Cañon, yet not the least beautiful. The stream was pure and sparkling, dashing along with arrowy swiftness, and leaping down the rocks as in a mad frolic, making innumerable falls, some of them of considerable height and wonderful beauty. The foliage for the greater part of the way is very luxuriant, and is of all shades, from the deep green of the pine to the pale gold of the cottonwood. On the highest mountain sides, where but a few weeks before it seemed that the very glory of God had descended, sombre autumnal tints prevailed, but in these sheltered places we found slight traces of frost. Indeed the lovely winding pass was still illuminated with brilliant color. The woodbine's red banners waved overhead. The sumac made our pathway radi-

ant, so that amid the grandeur and Sabbath stillness of the scene, the devout heart could behold the Lord in many a "burning bush." Most lovely were the golden aspens overarching our way, and scattering down upon us their wonderful largess of round, coin-like leaves, reminding one of the munificent shower Jove sent upon Danaë—before he suspended specie payments.

But as we rose higher, we found a hideous change—a vast tract of primeval pines, desolate and dead, from having been burned over. The trees were mostly standing—literally a "black forest."

Here and there nature seemed to be making an effort to start a new growth of the same sort, but was evidently giving up and falling back on cottonwood—being out of pine stuff.

Pike's Peak Lake—lying in the lap of the mountain some 11,000 feet above sea-level—is a pretty, civilized-looking sheet of water. Beside it, our large party having come together, we took our lunch on one of the rude tables of stone which picnickers never lack in this land once flowing with ice and boulders. We had more sandwiches than we needed. Anticipating the semi-celestial banquet that awaited us up above, and not wishing to take the fine edge off our appetites, we left them and pushed on. A short distance above the lake we

passed some of the signal station men, making desperate efforts to drive on two broken down pack mules, or, rather, *burros*, or jacks. To our sympathizing inquiries, the drivers said the poor little beasts were "played out," having been on the trail, day and night, for six weeks. The miserable creatures showing more wounds than Cæsar's, and of a less-merciful sort, being long-established "raws," wore more than the usual discouraged, yet patient, look of their kind, and we were all touched by their misfortunes, but not to the extent of dividing their burden among our comparatively fresh animals. Ah, had we known of what those burdens consisted!

Shortly after this encounter we began the really difficult, weary, and dreary portion of the ascent. Every few hundred feet the way grew more sterile and bare. The cheerful cotton-woods fell away, the hardy pines deserted us, only low cedars, grown gnarly, grotesque, and one-sided, by taking the full brunt of the terrible winter winds and tempests, held out. Sometimes they seemed like awful barbaric shapes, creeping and crouching up the rocky ridge and just peeping down, as though on a stealthy look-out for an enemy.

At last, we scarcely knew where, these were left behind, and we had passed timber line. A few cheery flowers kept us company a little further. I

was touched by the sight of a daring little blue-bell close by the trail. "No flower of her kindred," no blossom of any kind, no green thing was nigh. Yet though so solitary, she seemed strangely at home and in place. The great sky was of her color —the strong mountain wind was tempered to her. She swayed to its surges as fearlessly as the small sea-bird rocks on the swell of the ocean.

From points and plateaus above timber line you have views ever increasing in extent and sublimity, of the vast plains to the right, and the great ranges to the left. These made me almost insensible to my own fatigue and the terrible toil of my horse. But the altitude had a peculiarly unpleasant effect on several of the party, causing headache and a sickness very like *mal de mer*. One delicate young girl fainted twice, and had to be taken from her horse and laid by the wayside till she could be restored to consciousness.

The last mile or two of the trail seemed longer than leagues. It is at that height the strangest trail ever constructed. It is a sort of rude Russ pavement of unknown depth. Pike's Peak on the summit, and for a long distance down, is so thickly covered by huge blocks of porphyry that scarcely a foot of ground shows between. These rocks could not be cleared out of the way—there was nowhere

to put them—so the trail was made by merely filling up breaks and crevices with smaller stones, and it was a sort of causeway we traveled over that evening. Ridge after ridge we mounted, thinking it the summit, where rest and warmth and refreshments awaited us; but that was still further on, and we went winding and creeping up, higher and higher, and the sun sank and the wind rose, and night, a strange, chill, solemn, super-mundane night, fell upon us. We were all meek and quiet. Even the horses, as they steadily climbed, and struggled, and twisted from point to point, panting heavily and quivering in every limb, seemed oppressed with awe, a subdued terror, and it was a relief when at length and quite suddenly we passed over the last ridge, to be greeted by a joyful bray from a *burro* standing by the station, and to hear it answered by an animal of the same family connection in our cavalcade. Our horses gave a feeble responsive whinny. All distinctions of caste were forgotten at that supreme moment. There was a camp-fire blazing brightly before the little low stone house, from which the stars were to be reviewed, and the winds timed, and the lower world signaled all through the wild winter, and beside this fire stood two or three of the young gentlemen of the corps. They received us with effusion, but also, I noticed, with a somewhat

perplexed and pensive expression of countenance. Walking over those massive rocks, in the night time, was a difficult and perilous work—especially as we were all benumbed with cold, and cramped by long riding—so, slowly we straggled and stumbled into the circle of the lurid firelight. We had all shouted in the morning at the first full view of Pike's Peak. We did not shout now. Our feelings were too much for us. There were between twenty and thirty of our party—not very poetic just then—not much puffed up by science—but, it must be confessed, tired, cold, hungry and forlorn. There were three or four gentlemen quite *hors de combat*—as many ladies suffering from sick headache—that young girl still fainting—and three clergymen, looking more genuinely solemn than ever they had looked in their pulpits—altogether a pretty helpless set. Still, the thought of a hot supper, coffee and tea, remained to cheer us. We wrapped ourselves in our blankets, crept near the fire, and stoutly declared it was "good to be there"—so wild, so romantic and scientific and jolly. The first discovery that damped our exuberant spirits was that the house was not finished—the floor only just being laid in one of the two little rooms —that no stoves were up, and that, consequently, we must have our supper cooked by the camp-fire. But such of us old mountaineers as had camped

out, felt equal to the occasion. Still, a vague feeling of apprehension fell upon me as this announcement was followed by a whispered and apparently anxious consultation between our hosts and their men. Then one of the officers, a nice-looking young man, which his name was Sackett, came forward, "smiled a sickly sort of smile," and said, in effect—"Ladies and gentlemen, I regret exceedingly to have to state that in consequence of two of our pack-animals having played out on the trail, and failed to come to time, most of our provisions are down below, and we must ask you to content yourselves with a supper of bread and butter and coffee. We hope to do better for you to-morrow—the supplies will undoubtedly be up soon after moon-rise." An eloquent but somewhat solemn silence followed this neat little speech. We were very hungry, mind. Then we began to consider that we could not starve on bread and butter, and that there was a vast amount of nourishment in coffee, especially *café au lait.* Next, like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky, fell the announcement that the bread was all "down below." "Well, we can eat crackers!" cried a voice somewhat forced and hysterical in its cheerfulness—my own. "The crackers are down below, too." "Well, at least, we shall have coffee. Soldiers have sometimes marched and fought and died on

coffee." "Yes, ma'am, but I'm sorry to say the coffee is down below."

It was—but I cannot do justice to the scene, to the serious nature of the emergency. Really, things were at a desperate pass. Even the telegraph wires were "down below," broken by the storm of a week before. Knowing that the eyes of the world would be upon us, we had thought much of sending down from the station thrilling electrical messages to our mothers, brothers, wives, and husbands—to the President of the United States, the Pope of Rome, the Queen and Kaiser and other near and dear friends,—to assure them that though seeing high life, just below stars, we still remembered them and thought well of them. Now we felt ourselves cut off from all the world and the rest of mankind—exiled as well as exalted—cast away on a desolate island in a sea of mist and night.

Then up jumps Observer Sackett, and says he, "Boys, there is a sack of flour—there is a keg of water—there is yeast-powder—there are a couple of skillets—we must fall back on pancakes."

The magic word went round, and soon brightened eyes were curiously watching the process of batter-mixing and pancake-baking. It was here that, after witnessing several lamentable failures in the matter of ladling out and turning the unwieldy cakes, this

present chronicler, sternly putting down her natural bashfulness, came "to the fore," and, she flatters herself, did that good old-fashioned housekeeper, her mother, some credit. It was a strange, wild scene, that motley group, lit up by the flickering firelight —young officers, old mountaineers, Mexican muleteers; pale, disheartened, silent women; that still fainting child, with her anxious father bending over her; the three ministers, more or less dolorous-looking; the other male tourists, more or less sick —one of them an English artist, so fastidious in his tastes and so fixed in his elegant habits, that I half believed he would that night put his boots out of the door of the station to be blacked—the volunteer cook, "wildly clad" in an old army overcoat, in addition to various other wraps, uneasily balancing herself on a boulder, dipping out and turning pancakes, now shaken by strong gusts of wind, now blinded and choked by great whiffs of smoke. On one side of the circle shivered and drooped the patient horses, not daring to move lest they should fall into a crevice or pit; on the other side the ugly black rocks, stretching away to the precipice and the blacker abyss of the crater, and over all the driving, swooping clouds and the awful infinite night.

At length we were summoned to the table, prepared for us in the only finished room of the station.

We beheld a real table-cloth spread on the floor, with plates, knives, forks, spoons, and goblets, but no napkins or finger-glasses. Indeed the goblets were obliged to do double service, as receptacles for the candles—the candlesticks being "down below." There were generously set forth two kegs of butter, a demijohn of California port, a jar of pickles, several cans of cherries, and some condensed milk. We could any of us help ourselves to condensed milk and pickles. The pancakes, or "flapjacks," or "flannel-cakes"—we preferred the latter name for the warm sound—were brought in on a large plate and dumped down in the centre of the table-cloth, about which we sat on blankets and blocks. The holy men took counsel, and one lifted up his voice and asked a blessing on our repast and on the hospitable and scientific gentlemen who had provided it for us. This was either an instance of almost divine Christian charity, or a piece of solemn, yet sly, satire; I have never yet made up my mind which. We were helped to pancakes liberally, and our hosts were lavish with their California port, and absolutely prodigal with their pickles. They put a brave front on the affair, and laughed and joked; but I knew it was hard work for the poor fellows. One told me the next day that he felt all that night like throwing himself off the peak and going to bed in the crater. It was strange how soon that

meal was over—the multitude fed and satisfied, and the remains cleared away to one corner, with the dishes. It was like unto the miraculous feast in the wilderness, inasmuch as the fragments gathered up seemed more than the original supply of pancakes. Yet enough had been eaten to cause several of our pilgrims serious distress in the night. I suspect that the yeast-powder was "down below," or "played out" with the salt—or it may be that the flour, after having been toted up to such an unchristian altitude, refused to go higher;—certain it is, the result was a general heavinesss and flatness. Sackett and I had done our best, but pancakes baked under such circumstances of wind and weather, darkness, smoke, and cinders, must necessarily be underdone or overdone, and come to the table collapsed, cold, and speckled. Try it yourself. A profound distrust of these prevented me from gourmandizing. I solemnly partook of a morsel, washed down by a sacramental sip of wine, and followed by half a dozen canned cherries—*voilà tout.*

The banquet over, preparations were made for our sleeping. Then, alas! it was discovered that the blankets intended for our beds were not exactly "down below," but quite unfit for use. The poor pack-mule which had brought them up had, on the way, sunk beneath his burden, or, bent on suicide,

rolled down a steep place into the creek, wetting his pack through and through. So we were obliged to content ourselves with the blankets we had brought with us. Wrapped in these, we laid ourselves down to pleasant dreams, some eighteen or twenty of us, on the rough floor of one little room. Cold as it was and windy, we were compelled to leave the door wide open. It takes a great deal of this thin air to keep you up—especially if you take nothing else. I lay almost directly before the door with my head pillowed on my saddle. At last I was roughing it to my entire satisfaction. So well wrapped was I that I did not suffer much from the hardness of my bed or from cold. Once I attempted to move my head out of the draft, but got into the supper things, upset a half empty fruit-can, and did great execution among the goblets. So mortal tired, hungry, and anxious were we that we could not hail with proper enthusiasm the rising of the moon which we witnessed through that wide open door. It was a red, gibbous moon, and had an uncanny, sinister look, as it came stealthily up from the misty abyss beyond the mountains, and peeped over the rocks at us and in upon us, miserable sinners, then slowly climbed up among the sombre clouds, an ugly, awful shape. But it gave light enough to allow the men and boys to lead our poor horses safely down

that perilous trail to a sheltered spot, where there was a camp, with water and grass.

A portion of the floor in the other room had been laid after we came, and on this several gentlemen, officers, and reporters, reposed. Others sat up, outside, all night, keeping up the camp-fire, with roasting faces and freezing backs. It was a sublime watch. The cold stars and the gibbous moon kept them company; the mountain winds forsook them not, and the mountain-rats, or conies, came about them in a friendly way, fearlessly frisking in the firelight. They visited us also, careering over me just as I was dropping off into my first sleep, and causing me to start up with a wild cry of "Rats!" I was assured they were only harmless conies, such as are spoken of in Holy Writ as "hiding in the clefts of the rocks"—but they had all the moral effect of rats. One perched herself on my breast, while her young ones played hide-and-seek through the hollow of my saddle, tearing back and forth directly under my head. I knew they were innocent, Scriptural creatures, but their gambols were a little distracting. It was an awful night, there is no denying it. Some suffered severely from the cold, most were sick, and all were disgusted and indignant. Heavy sighs were heard, and weary turnings and faint groans,and muttered execrations; the

first mostly from the ministers, a class of men never expected, nor expecting, to "rough it," in this world or the next. Nobody slept a wink, of course, but everybody snored sooner or later. There was something in the light air and hard bed that caused snoring in well-bred nostrils that had never been convicted of such vulgarity before. We know not what we may come down to on Pike's Peak;—we certainly heard there some desperate puns and ghastly jokes. Witticisms alternated with wailings, and laughter with gnashing of teeth. "After all," remarked a clerical scientist, "this is a great institution, and we shall be consoled next winter by knowing all about the velocity of the winds up on Pike's Peak."

"Give me to know," faintly cried a sick brother, "the velocity of a mule down from Pike's Peak."

At last, at last, as I lay looking out of that crowded black hole of Colorado, through the open door, meditating on the vanity of human hopes and the variety of human nature, I saw the moonlight and starlight glimmer slowly out, and the great dark depths of air at the east of the Peak, change into a vast purple sea, and that again change into violet, and crimson, and gold, with a luminous, throbbing point in the centre. Brighter grew the strange light, and larger and ruddier, till it was like a great ship on fire—then it rose majestically from out the deep, and mounted

the sky—the glorious, glad, thrice-welcome sun. Night gathered up her skirts and fled away, and the cold winds followed after, and the camp-fire was replenished, and we took up our beds and went forth to sit beside it and wait for breakfast. Alas, the promised pack-mules had not come up with the sun! Alas, one of their kind on the summit had got at the flour-sack in the night, pawed it to pieces, and scattered the contents abroad! One of the ministers took it for a snow-storm. Unhappily, there could be enough gathered up to make another batch of those peculiar pancakes.

We bathed "in the cool cisterns of the morning air." It was all the ablution we had—wash-bowls and towels being "down below," and water too scarce to be fooled with. Sergeant Boehmer had only about a pint in which to wash all the supper dishes. I voluntered to wipe them for him. The cloth he gave me for the purpose was a flour-sack, turned inside out for cleanliness. The result on the china was an obstinate stickiness, but, as pancakes were to be eaten off it, 'twas not much matter. I was at once struck by the mottled appearance of the plates handed to me. They seemed to contain small fragment of printed matter. At length, I made out the words: "Another Murder," "Divorces Granted," "Potter Palmer's New Hotel," and per-

ceived that the Sergeant was using a copy of the Chicago *Tribune* as a dish-cloth. That lively journal did not stand water as well as it had stood fire.

One little streak of luck was vouchsafed to us. A small package of raw coffee was discovered in a *caché*, probably left there by Pike, and one of the signal-men proceeded to roast it. The coffee mill being "down below," it was crushed by stones. So great are the resources of the United States Government! Then it was announced that there being less than a quart of water left, after our "guzzling and muzzling," the ladies alone could be served with coffee. We glanced round on the mournful countenances of sick friends of the braver and stronger sex, and shrank with noble shame from the thought of taking advantage of them in such a dire extremity. Seeing a clergyman beguiling his sad thoughts by molding a ball out of last year's snow, gathered near by, I timidly offered a suggestion, which was graciously accepted by our scientific hosts; snow was quickly procured and melted, and we all had coffee. One cup was my only breakfast, but it was strong, and it gave me marvellous strength, even sufficient to endure the solemn ceremony of dedication, "all of which I saw and a part of which I was." The three ministers officiated, with Chief Observer Sergeant Boehmer, and the loftiest signal station of the world was

duly christened and consecrated. After this there was another imposing ceremony. A youthful orator, yet in short dresses and long tresses, known as "The Daughter of the Signal Corps," and wearing its badges, standing cap in hand, read a little speech while presenting to Sergeant Boehmer a "Flag of our Union." It was well done, considering that it was on such a Signal *fiasco*, and an empty stomach. Sergeant Boehmer, profoundly moved, and taken aback, responded by reading another little speech. It was a scene such as Dickens alone could have done justice to. How he would have enjoyed it! Our base appetites alone prevented us from enjoying it. The next ceremony was the running up of the flag on the station. We all shouted when it streamed gallantly out in that upper sunlight and on the fierce free winds that had never saluted it before. In fact, we felt not a little patriotic pride in beholding the Stars and Stripes where they could look down on all the union jacks in the world. It was a pity we could not hurrah through a telephone, and let England hear and blush for her Signal Corps, if so be she have one.

After that solemn function I went wandering off to various points on the summit, leaping from rock to rock like a sizeable mountain sheep. I was stimulated and sustained by the high, fine air.

I felt strangely light, yet with nothing of the dizziness or sickness others complained of. "That which had made them drunk, had made me bold." Yet I could not have walked and clambered about alone in that manner had I not been warmly and suitably dressed, and worn regular mountain shoes, heavy and hob-nailed. My costume was not picturesque, but it was safe and comfortable. I saw all that could be seen from different sides of the great, desolate summit. The views were somewhat veiled in mist, but very lovely in color, and all the grander in outline. The distant mountain ranges seemed stupendously high, from the intervening valleys and gorges being obscured by this light purple mist. From the eastern side I looked down on our happy valley, and saw a little white bird-cage which I knew must be the Manitou House, and a tiny brown nutshell which, with swelling breast, I recognized as my cottage. When I returned to the station I found most of our party gone, and the rest going. Our friends, the ministers, had been the first to shake the dust of the summit from their feet, and to disappear down the trail. We saw them no more. I believe that they made excellent time down from those sublime but barren regions, to a more goodly inheritance, and a land flowing with milk and honey. Even the observer in charge, Sergeant Boehmer, hur-

ried down the mountain, with the fair daughter of the Signal Corps by his side, and its honors clustering thick upon him, waving back his hand in a gracious, *dégagé* way to his guests, still detained at his dreary post. I urged my famished friends to do likewise, as my horse had not come up from below, and I saw nothing for me but to sit there on my saddle, under the flag, and keep the station, alone. But they refused to depart without me, and one poor gallant gentleman took my saddle on his shoulders, also one of my red blankets, while I donned the other, and so, in Indian style and file, we descended,—wiser, sadder, and emptier pilgrims than we had ascended that grand old humbug of a mountain. About two miles down I met the faithful Sackett, with my horse, which had run away and given him no end of trouble. At the lake we found the remains of our previous day's lunch, which, in our contempt for "common-doings," we had left behind, and which we now devoured with humble and thankful hearts. We filed down the mountains and through the great cañon with subdued spirits and chastened countenances, and reached our homes and hotels in good time—that is, supper-time.

HOW WE STORMED THE RIGI IN SPITE OF THE RAILWAY.

AN OLD WORLD FROLIC.

A YEAR or two after my Pike's Peak adventure, I made one of a party of six ladies—Americans—who, on an August afternoon, set forth from Pension Stutz, on Lake Lucerne, to make the ascent of the Rigi. Through an accident, we failed to reach Lucerne in time to take the boat which connected with the train at Vitznau, and it seemed for awhile that we should be obliged to return to the Pension we had left in such high spirits, defeated, and with our colors drooping. But, fortunately, after much agonized interrogation, we ascertained that by going a few miles down the lake, to Weggis, we could get saddle horses and go up in the grand old style, instead of taking the steep railway, with its clamps and its cogs, by which the ordinary tourist ascends the mountain, as did Jack his beanstalk—"Hitchety, hatchety, up I go"—a miserable, mechanical, noisy, smoky, prosaic proceeding. We took the next boat

and in less than half an hour were in the pleasant little village of Weggis, the former landing-place of all pilgrims to the Rigi, going from Lucerne. Here we had supper, took six saddle horses and two guides, and started out, just as the sun was declining. Almost every rod of the way to the summit—nine miles—was beautiful, and afforded charming views of the lake and the mountains, and, though the day had been scorching, a delicious coolness came with the long, dreamy, purple mists of twilight. As we ascended, we met groups of peasant children, driving goats down from high bits of wild pasture-land, and now and then brown peasant women, descending from their harvest work in little fields of wheat and barley, mere nooks and corners, sheltered by lofty peaks and fenced in by chasms. The bells worn by the goats tinkled merrily, and the laughter of the children, and even the voices of their elders, sounded strangely musical in the clear, still air. Slowly, as though humoring our adventure, the sun had sunk down beyond Pilatus, and its light, which, for a space that seemed like an enchanted time, had lain on the lake like one broad, heaving sheet of red gold, was gathered up like a garment, or rolled away as a scroll, and a soft, silvery, tremulous mist took its place. Then came the moon, full-orbed and perfect. It seemed to hover for a while in the horizon, and

balance itself on the great heights, then launched itself on the sky and went plowing through mists and clouds till it reached the open sea of blue,—tender and deep. How pure and calm and regnant it seemed, that night of nights! We backslid, in spirit, some eighteen centuries, and were landed in the beautiful old mythologies, ready to sing pæans to Luna and pour libations of Rudesheim on the white altar of Dian's temple. In fact, our delight all through this wonderful moonlight ride amounted to an ecstasy, an intoxication of the finer senses. There was everything that could appeal to the imagination, the love of beauty, and, above all, to the secret passion for adventure which was a characteristic of each of that party of six picked and kindred souls. We were gay, very;—startling the Alpine echoes with free American laughter and snatches of strange song. In fact, we were all young—dear R, my life-long friend, and I the youngest of all,—and only make believe to chaperone the other girls.

There was nothing monotonous in the whole ascent. Every turn of the road gave us a new picture, grand or lovely, wild or weird. Now lay the lake just below us, palpitating in the moonlight. Now we saw over beyond it, and through dark mountain gaps, the far, ghostlike peaks, the cold, awful gleaming of eternal snow. Now we looked

back on many-towered Lucerne, which crowned the head of the lake with a marvelously brilliant circle of light, half on shore and half in the water. Now we passed through a narrow avenue of trees, which scarcely let a moonbeam down upon us, or under a wonderful natural arch of rocks. Now we crossed a trembling bridge high above the dull dash of a torrent, and now, as we turned a rocky point, a ghostly cascade leaped out upon us from a shadowy gorge. Now, in some wild, awful spot, we came upon a stark, gleaming crucifix, or a white chapel invited us to rest and repeat *aves;* and now, best of all, we came to a quaint wayside inn, where we could let our horses breathe, and get beer or wine for our guides, and where the friendly, cheery people came out to see us, to commend our courage and wish us Godspeed. Riding in front of us that night, like Lord Lovell, on "a milk-white steed," was a gentleman tourist, not of our party and not much of a companion, for he spoke only German, and was chary of that; but his horse was a picturesque object in our cavalcade. He dismounted at the two first inns, seeming quite exhausted, but after refreshing the inner man went on as far as the third, the Kaltbad, where he remained altogether, giving up the Kulm. Every woman of us pitied his weakness, and thanked heaven it had not made her such a

man. The Kaltbad is the first large hotel on the Rigi, an immense caravansery, about a league from the Kulm. As it came suddenly in sight it seemed to spring from the desolate mountain-side like a fairy palace, or a splendid mirage. It was all alive with light; gay groups were strolling up and down its broad esplanade; gayer people inside were dancing to delightful music. It was a scene of absolute enchantment, and to this day I cannot make it real. Here we rested but a little time in our saddles, finding ourselves the objects of much curious observation; then rode on, over breezy heights, to the Rigi-Staffel, the second big hostelry. Here, as we halted for another rest, a great multitude sallied out to see us, exclaiming in all the languages of Europe, and especially in the dialect of London, "Six ladies on horseback, without a gentleman!" Host, clerk, waiters, boots, all united in advising us to tarry for the night, and to walk up in the morning to see the sun rise from the Kulm, only about a mile, telling us we could find up there no lodgings of any kind. But we had set out for the Kulm, and we would culminate that night, or perish in the attempt. So, much to the sorrow of our guides, we cried "*En avant!*" and went on our steep and winding way to the summit, which we reached at 10:30 P. M., ending an exploit which I hold was not equalled in daring

and dash by the jolly ascent of Twain and party—not surpassed till a lustrum later, when the immortal Tartarin of Tarascon scaled the *Regina Montium*, solitary and alone. We found we had been told the sorrowful truth: not a bed was to be had at either hotel, for love or money. The best resting-places we could get were some exceedingly slippery sofas in the large drawing-room of the Rigi Schreiber. We were by no means the only unfortunates, for not alone that drawing-room, but the reading-room and restaurant were given up to bedless lodgers. The floor of our apartment was thickly spread with mattresses for ladies, and some of them went regularly to bed, and said prayers greatly disproportionate to their accommodations. Large doorways, insufficiently draped with curtains, conducted into the apartments for the male tourists, some of whom wandered in and out "at their own sweet will," and in the midst of their perambulations I noticed that one fair lady coolly and calmly disrobed herself, and, like Cristobel, "laid down in her loveliness." It was nearly midnight before our party were *couché* and addressing ourselves to sleep, whereunto the day's unusual fatigues more soundly did invite us. But it was the pursuit of somnolence under prodigious difficulties; the place was stiflingly close and hot, and soon from the rooms beyond

came masculine breathing in heavy gusts, and profound polyglot snoring. At last we slept, it might have been for an hour, "when suddent, and peart, and nigh," came the crack and the spurt of a match, and we all roused up to behold an elderly female in a dingy flannel wrapper, holding a lighted candle, with which she proceeded to walk about, threading her way in creaky shoes among the sofas and mattresses in an aimless, miserable, Lady Macbethish way that was utterly maddening. Finally she "put out the light" and went to her couch, but again and again roused us all by the same unaccountable and ghastly performance. At a little after three o'clock we heard a shrill piping railroad whistle, or something of the sort, which Lady Macbeth appeared to take for the peep of day, for she started up again and proceeded to dress, so as to be on hand for the great morning show. That would be an enterprising sun that would get the better of her! As no more sleep was possible, we all presently rose, donned shawls and hats, and sallied out into the hall, where the pilgrims of the sun were already beginning to assemble. As the moonlight was still as bright as it is conceivable for moonlight to be, it was ludicrous to see several guests come forth from their chambers bearing lighted candles, and as the morning was absolutely hot, with not even a breath of air stir-

ring, it was even more ludicrous to see others wearing heavy winter wraps, and even furs. One stout old Frenchman presented a picture we can never forget, as he descended the stairs, wrapped, like an Indian chief, in a white bed blanket, a bright red comforter about his neck, a queer cap on his head, and a candle in his hand. Thus accoutred he stalked out into the moonlight and onto the Kulm, to see the sun rise. When we reached the highest point there was a goodly crowd there, and before five o'clock it numbered 700 or 800, all struggling for the best places, and nearly all uncomfortably bundled up in anticipation of wind and cold. It was a strange gathering of almost all peoples and tongues. The Belvidere was a small Tower of Babel. Many looked pallid and ill from the effects of the heat, or loss of sleep, and two ladies fainted outright—one falling prone on the ground, but springing up again like a female Antæus. The orb of day seemed an unconscionable time coming, and the crowd grew visibly impatient, till I half expected stamping and cat-calls. One fair young English lady, evidently a bride, said to her husband, with pretty pettishness, "Why *don't* he come up? I'm getting quite nervous. Do you know, Alfred, I never saw the sun rise in my life?" Only think! the sight was to be as new to her as it was to Eve on that first morning

of her young full-grown life! We can imagine the awesome delight of that primeval lady when she beheld the "greater light," which she had seen the night before drop away in the gorgeous west, leaving all dim and dusky the solemn aisles of the garden in which the angels walked, reappear in the east, touching the purple hills with splendor, and reddening the blue Euphrates. Woman has been woman from the first, and man has been man, and we can imagine Eve at that sunrise, longing for sympathy, in her wonder and delight, and waking up Adam; and we can imagine Adam, already *blasé* of such things, yawning, and saying loftily, "Ah, yes, it is very fine; but, child, I have seen it all long ago, when you were a rib; and really, my dear, there's nothing in it."

Our languid daughter of Eve did not have to wait much longer for the sun; he came at last, rising over the Eden of her love, as good as new. At first he sent up scouts of scattering beams; then an advance guard of serried rays, resplendent as with glittering steel; then he came himself, majestic and slow, girt about with almost intolerable splendors. As the moon had done the evening before, he seemed to pause awhile on the dark threshold of the mountain ridge, then strode forward and took possession of the silent, waiting day. At the very moment

that he appeared, the moon, that had lingered all through the semi-twilight,—"the substitute that shines brightly as the King until the King be nigh," —paled utterly and dropped out of sight. By the way, the sun's approach was heralded by a lugubrious blast upon the Alpine horn, a sort of attenuated and very much elongated trumpet. It lay partly on the ground, writhing, while it was wrestled with by a feeble old man, whom it sometimes seemed to be getting the better of. This is a regular and immemorial Rigi accompaniment to the solemn rite of sunrise. After his valiant performance was over the old trumpeter went around with a plate, and there happened the most absurd incident of the morning. An elderly English lady, who had seemed to take no notice of the horn, and was evidently sleepy and out of sorts, mistook the purpose of the little collection, and burst forth with true British indignation. "What! am I called upon to *pay* for seeing the sun rise on my own round earth—the earth on which I was born! I refuse. It is an imposition. Go along with you, man!"

As a mere sunrise, I do not think this from the Rigi is as fine as that to be seen from Pike's Peak. It lacks, in the foreground, the grand mystery of great depth and darkness, and in the

background, the infinite distance of the plains. But when you turn your back on the sun, you see that he best paints his glory on the snowy summits of the Bernese Oberland, like a Cæsar writing his own Commentaries. Those Bernese Alps stand like peaks of flame, rosy, golden, effulgent—like mighty altar fires, leaping up, pure and ardent—the morning offering of a world aspiring to God.

As the sun rises higher, he lifts, one after another, the mist-veils from lake and valley, till the vast circle of enchanting pictures lies clear before your eyes. You look on a score of Helvetian battle-fields, on the map of old wars, on the highways of history. You gaze with a shudder on the traces of that awful land-slide of the Rossberg, which in five minutes destroyed as many villages, and buried hundreds of people. It was a small day of judgment to them, only that the rocks and the mountains uncalled for, were moved to fall upon and hide them. At ten o'clock we took the train and hitched our cautious way down the mountain. We caught some fine views in the descent, but not comparable to the moonlight pictures of the ride up. The Kaltbad had lost its air of enchantment during the night, and looked hot, glaring, and prosaic. There is nothing on this road very terrifying to weak nerves, save a bridge over a deep ravine, seemingly

slight, but really strong, and a tunnel through a mass of conglomerate rock, mere pudding-stone, which looks as though it might tumble in, rattle down upon you, and stone you to death at any moment. But you come through safe and sound to Vitznau, where you take a boat to Lucerne, or Flüelen—the beginning or the end of the lake—as you feel inclined. We were undecided, tossed up, and tails won.

TWO OLD HEADS.

I SPENT the winter of 1853 in Rome, then, of course, under the solemn shadow and jealous rule of the Papal Government, but, in some respects, a more delightful as well as restful place of residence than now. I was with Miss Charlotte Cushman—one of a party of six of her intimate friends, English and Americans, occupying a large sunny *appartmento* on the Corso. It is a golden memory. Miss Cushman, then in the height of her fame and the plenitude of her dramatic genius, soon drew around her a brilliant artistic and social set, of many minds and nationalities—æsthetic Englishman, ecstatic Frenchmen, free-hearted and free-spoken Americans, Italians, of all cultured classes, even the clerical, Papal officials, dissembling Mazzinians conspiring discreetly, distinguished artists of every sort;—in brief, a wonderful variety of clever men and women. Miss Cushman's singing of English ballads made a

great impression in Rome, and even on Romans. It was something so new and peculiar, and the intense dramatic feeling took such hold on their hearts, and drew them into the rare electrical atmosphere of her genius, in spite of the "stony limits" of our "cold, hard language." She was also admirable as a mimic and story-teller, entertaining in many ways, so it was that, lovers of music and the drama as we all were, we contented ourselves with very little theatre-going that winter. In fact, I remember but one night of grand opera—that of the début of "*la piccola* Piccolomini"—afterwards heard and much heard of, in America. She was then very young, and really shy and modest,—delicately pretty, but developed neither in voice nor figure,—having few if any of the coquettish airs and graces which some years later went so far with her audiences,—charming elderly critics and firing susceptible young gentlemen with a brief madness that broke out in bouquets, and, in some aggravated cases, in bracelets and diamonds. Yet there was in her singing a certain childlike freshness peculiarly propitiating, while the fact of her having been of noble extraction (a Cardinal's grand-niece), invested her with something of a romantic interest, especially for republicans.

But so faint was the impression left on my mind

by her singing and acting that I cannot now recall the opera in which she appeared. I remember the evening chiefly as the occasion of my first sight of a remarkable personage, of whom I had heard much in Rome. This was the Prince Corsini—rich, eccentric, witty and wicked, and most unconscionably old.

He was the possessor of one of the grandest palaces of Rome—that in which Christina of Sweden resided for a time, and in which she died. Her magnificent death-chamber is one of the show rooms. One cannot but wonder if the stormy and imperious spirit of the man-queen strides up and down it now and then, and if she was not haunted in her last gloomy days by the bloody apparition of poor Monaldeschi, "crying in the night."

But of the Prince. Dumas thus speaks of him as he knew him at Florence, where both were guests of King Jerome Bonaparte:

"Prince Corsini was the grand-nephew of Pope Lorenso Corsini Clement Twelfth. He was an old man of seventy, very fond of dress, and painted his face just as our lorettes do. He was to be met every night in the streets of Florence, after the receptions and assemblies of the evening were ended, dressed in white duck or some light-colored cloth, a small blue coat with gilt buttons, a ribbon around his

neck and an enormous nosegay in his waistcoat. When he met any acquaintance, he drew down his straw hat toward the passer, as if he desired to conceal his face; but he hoped, if the latter met him the next day, he would be guilty of the amiable indiscretion of saying, 'Where were you going, past one o'clock, last night, with a nosegay in your waistcoat, Prince? Ah! I recognized you!'

"The Prince would deny that he was the man: he would shake his head and play the comedy of the discreet man. It was a curious study."

When I saw him at the opera he was said to be nearly ninety, yet by the aid of art and artifice he still kept off most of the signs of age and feebleness. He was most wonderfully "made up"—not only with false locks of youthful brown, but actually, it was said, with false eyebrows. He was rouged and stayed and padded, while his costume was of the most faultless elegance.

He clung to the world and its pleasures with the desperate clutch of a voluptuary. In the heart, which should have grown still and cool in the winter of a serene old age, "frosty but kindly," it was said the midsummer passions of a profligate manhood yet seethed and fumed.

Yet, with all his senile folly and ghastly gayety, he was a man of ability and courtly accomplishments.

His society had, it seemed, a peculiar charm for the young, especially young men—an evil charm, for he won their allegiance chiefly by ministering to their weaknesses and passions, alluring them by the most refined sensual pleasures.

In his grand palace in the Trastevere, and in his charming villa on the Janiculum, it was whispered the wild revels and mysterious orgies of the Roman Empire were revived, "with all the modern improvements."

Wherever went the Prince, he had his guard or train of young men, mostly taken from the impoverished nobility of Rome, at that time about the most worthless set of fellows in the world. He entered his box at the "Apollo" leaning on the arm of one of these, thus saving himself the use of a cane. Another gazed about the house, spying out all the beautiful faces and pretty toilettes, thus sparing the failing eyesight of his Highness, who, only as he was directed, leveled his lorgnette. Others gathered about him with flatteries and scandals, *bon-mots* and *bon-bons*.

He reminded one of an old Indian chief surrounded by his young braves, except that "the gray barbarian" educates his followers for pursuits at least manly and valorous, while the Prince educated all manhood out of his *guardia nobile*. He was, indeed,

more like a human vampire, living by and on them, draining them of all the juices of youth—strength, faith, aspiration, honor—the very life of life. The mere atmosphere of an existence so graceless and godless, so dead in its best powers and possibilities, must have been something vitiating, enervating, stifling.

This smiling, sneering old man in his prolonged chase after pleasure seemed to be trying to outrun his two old unpropitiable enemies—he of the scythe, who stalks straight on through an open field, and he of the dart, who is given to short cuts and ambuscades; but he must have had an uncomfortable consciousness that they were gaining on him all the while. His smile looked forced and weary—his face, newly painted and thatched, suggested the white, bare death's-head: it even seemed that the fresh bouquet in his button-hole must give out a mortuary odor.

I have never heard how he died; suddenly, perhaps, dropping down in some scene of Sybaritic pleasure, which he could only taste by proxy, pouring out the rich heady wine which he could no longer quaff; or he may have sunk away in an after-dinner sleep, if, preternaturally wakeful and wary as he was, he ever dared to sleep; or he may have died decorously in his bed with the velvet

and gold hangings, after having duly settled his worldly and spiritual affairs, and being girded and comforted by the securities and consolations of the Church. But I doubt if any save priests and hirelings were with that old, old man at the last dread hour—if any lips were pressed on the withered hand which so rarely had been stretched forth in love or helping—if any eyes wept over the pallid, pitiable figure, once so gay and princely. Those jovial young companions, his noble guard, his singing-girls and his dancing houris, his flatterers and his jesters, all probably made sudden exits before the closing scene of that merry tragedy, just as the night fell on that long, mad holiday, his wasted, perverted and perverting life.

Ah, when old Age and Death met in the silent sick chamber of the Prince, and together faced him down, what a merciless stripping off of shams was there!—the glossy locks, the dark eyebrows, the rouge, the paddings, the stays, and those ghastlier mockeries of youth, his gayety and gallantry! What a collapse there must have been into his coffin!

THE CHEVALIER.

Among our visitors in Rome during that winter of 1853, was an elderly German gentleman, of good family and much refinement and culture, but of a peculiarly quaint appearance, and with a manner of childlike simplicity and kindliness. This was the Hanoverian Minister, Mr. Kestner, best known in society as "The Chevalier." To those who knew our friend well, he unfolded a character of rare purity and freshness, of a genuine old-fashioned, chevalier type; but to strangers, the smiling, dapper little minister was only interesting from some romantic antecedents and associations. He was the son of the Charlotte and Albert of Goethe's *Werther*—the son of noble parents, strangely misrepresented by that fascinating, but morbid, romance, whose immense popularity ninety years ago, and whose influence on the life and literature of Europe, are so difficult for us at this day to understand. It was doubtless the subtle power, the ineffable element of genius, which redeemed its un-

wholesome sentimentalism, gave a melancholy grace to unholy passion, and to disloyalty an almost heroic pathos. But this can scarcely account for the immediate and powerful hold which, not the story alone, but the spirit and philosophy of the story, took on the heart and imagination of all classes of readers. It must be that the book answered to a strange want, a fierce craving of the age. The soil must have been ready for the seed. True, the romance precipitated many a domestic tragedy, and made suicide epidemic; but the elements and conditions were all there, in the social life of that seething and stormful age. Goethe's biographer says of it: "Perhaps there was never a fiction that so startled and enraptured the world. Men of all kinds and classes were moved by it. It was the companion of Napoleon in Egypt; it penetrated into China."

The true story of Werther, Albert and Charlotte, remained almost unknown beyond the circle of their personal friends for eighty years, until the appearance of Mr. Lewes' *Life of Goethe;* though, indeed, Mrs. Kemble, in her *Year of Consolation*, gave some account of it, received from the Chevalier, whom she knew in Rome, and calls her "charming and excellent friend."

Werther, apparently the simplest of all romances in

construction, is really a curious piece of biographical mosaic. Goethe himself furnished but a portion of the traits, sentiments and experiences of the hero from his own life; from another real character—weaker, more melancholy and more unfortunate—he filled out the portrait and borrowed the tragedy. Charlotte is also two in one (herself and Madame H——), while Albert is only half himself—a good beginning, a "lame and impotent conclusion." Lewes describes Kestner at twenty-four as a quiet, orderly, cultivated man, possessing great magnanimity, and a dignity which is in nowise represented in the Albert of *Werther*. The correspondence shows him to have been something more—a rarely noble, generous man, loving and loyal; as far removed as can be imagined from the hard, jealous, sullen Albert of the last half of the romance. He was the dear friend of Goethe, whom he loved with passionate enthusiasm, feeling all the charm of his wondrous genius and beauty, and foreseeing his greatness.

Charlotte Buff of Wetzlar, was betrothed to Kestner before she met his brilliant friend, the young Dr Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, poet and philosopher. The scene of their first meeting was accurately given in the novel—little brothers and sisters, bread and butter, and all:

"Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter,
Would you know how first he met her;
She was cutting bread and butter."

Goethe certainly fell in love with Charlotte after his poet fashion; and little wonder, for she was doubtless a charming creature,—bright, joyous, sympathetic, and not too intellectual: but Goethe's love was evidently a harmless, if not quite an innocent sentiment. It was held in check by his strong will and his sense of honor, and even more, perhaps, by Lotte's steadfast loyalty and serene dignity. It was yet far from a Platonic attachment, calm and cool and wise; it was warm and tender and foolish enough, but impassioned rather than passionate—ideal and imaginative, a luxury of sensibility, and fancy. The woman was not the need of his great life, but to love her was the necessity of his genius. The man could forego her, but the artist made royal claim to as much of her as he required for his great plan; for as he said, "*Werther* must, must be."

The three friends, a wonderful triad—lived on in the closest intimacy for some two years, Goethe's affection bringing no disquietude to Kestner, no shadow of reproach upon his Lotte. The poet-lover even furnished the wedding-ring, and afterward

offered to stand godfather for their first boy, who was named for him.

About the time of little Wolfgang's birth, Goethe wrote to his mother, "I will soon send you a friend who has much resemblance to me, and I hope you will receive him well: he is named Werther."

Kestner says: "As soon as the book was printed, he sent us a copy and thought we should fall into raptures with it."

But he had wofully miscalculated. The hapless pair felt their faithful affection for their friend, their love for each other, the privacy of their home, all profaned. Charlotte was inexpressibly grieved—Albert was outraged. So, in acknowledging the book, they wrote to their great friend in a strain of sorrowful surprise and reproach, which first revealed to him the astonishing blunder he had made. Before this he had but waited for their glad approval to crown his fame, as the wreath for the intoxicating wine-cup of his success. He was exulting in the royal immortality he had bestowed upon them in return for their humble love and fealty. Had he not made his faithful Albert a marked and envied man as the possessor of that peerless heroine of romance? Had he not embalmed Charlotte's amiable name in the tears and sighs of admiring thousands? But the perverse Kestner saw little glory in being

identified with that "miserable creature of an Albert," the husband of a woman who looks with sentimental indulgence, with tender smiles and naïve blandishments, on the passion of a false friend, and for whom that false friend sighs and poetizes and maddens till he blows his unhappy secret and his brains out together. The prudish Charlotte felt that those sighs and tears of voluptuous pity and passion would breathe on her pure fame a nameless taint that must ever cling to it—not embalming, but withering.

For his part, Goethe showed how truly great he was by taking to heart their sad complaint, acknowledging his error, and humbly and passionately entreating their pardon. And they forgave him, and tried to forget it, but the world would not let them. They lived ever after in the glare of their questionable glory. The privacy and dignity of the old life never returned. The faith of the constant husband was not as contagious as the morbid romance of the novel.

Poor Madame Kestner, a modest, sensible little woman, saw her double, so like, yet so cruelly unlike, everywhere, in every language and in every form. She was sung and painted and carved, and baked in china, and wrought into tapestry, and stitched into embroideries. She stood in perpetual mourning at

the tomb of Werther, in doleful prints: she simpered in her ball-dress on tea trays, and swung on sign-boards cutting bread and butter for hungry travellers. She must have felt like a poor little bird spitted alive on the diamond-pointed pen of the great novelist.

The loyal friendship between the three never wholly died out, but the old intimacy was not renewed. Indeed, Madame Kestner never again met Goethe till she was in her sixtieth year, a widow and the mother of twelve children, when she visited him at Weimar. What a meeting that must have been!

Charlotte has been described as a very charming old lady, lively and gracious; so the majestic old poet had not to blush as he recalled the admiration of his youth.

Our friend the Chevalier had in his possession nearly all of the letters pertaining to the publication of *Werther*, as well as much of the preceding and succeeding correspondence between Goethe and his parents. Mr. Lewes has made free use of these interesting letters; and it is pleasant to know, even at this late day, that the real Charlotte was not only an admirable daughter, sister and friend, but a loving wife and a noble mother; that she was always worthy to cut bread and butter for innocent children; that she had none of the weak sensibility and

sentimentality of the heroine of *Werther*, who so daintily dallies with sin and demurely plays with fire, and whose rashness is only equalled by her cowardice.

The Chevalier had a profound and tender respect for the memory of his father, the noblest of all the early friends of Goethe; while of his mother, the sweetest of all the loves of the great poet, he spoke to familiar friends more and more frequently and fondly as he grew old, and felt himself nearing her day by day. Whenever I saw him there arose in my mind a fair vision of a lovely German maiden in a "plain white gown, with pale pink ribbons," either with a "loaf in her hand" and the little ones around her at home, or joyously dancing an *allémande* with Werther at the ball. Yet as I looked on his pale, withered face, I found it difficult to realize that it had been kissed over and over by the "sweet lips" about which Werther raves, saying, "Could I live one moment on those lips, I would contentedly die the next." It was difficult to think of this gray-haired old diplomat as a flaxen-headed little lad, taking real bread and butter from those benignant hands which have dispensed to multitudes the immortal ideal food from a miraculous loaf that never grows less.

The Chevalier was a favorite among the young, though he had some peculiarities at which they

would smile. He was given to airing his English vocabulary in literary circles, and it would not very well bear the exposure. The delicious unconsciousness with which he ventured beyond his depth in political or artistic discussions, and floundered about in a sea of verbal troubles, gave rise to many a quiet laugh in English-Roman society. Young artists were especially drawn toward him, for he had all a cultivated German's love of Art: his heart was unworn and his imagination still tinged with the golden enthusiasms of youth. His influence over these young men seemed always for good; he certainly drew them by no unworthy charm, held them by no selfish interest, for he was not rich, and his habits of life were quiet and simple. They treated him and spoke of him almost as one of their fellows; they even played off upon him harmless little jokes; but that they had for him genuine affection and respect was proved when in the bright, sudden spring, the time when all Italy longs to be abroad, the lonely old Chevalier was taken ill. Then these fine young fellows stayed faithfully beside him. He had been for some time failing, so the end was not long in coming. He did not dread it, or shrink from it. He bowed to the old, old law of nature: he accepted the inevitable, not with the cold stoicism of the philosopher, nor yet

merely with the unquestioning submission of a child, but with the dignity of a brave Christian gentleman.

One morning he was raised by gentle hands to look out for the last time over the hills and gardens, palaces and ruins, of that grand old city. Then, doubtless, his thoughts passed far away, over that lovely alien clime, to the dear Fatherland, to the old home—to the still churchyard in Wetzlar, perhaps, where Charlotte and Albert sleep side by side. It may be that he felt that beloved father and mother, gifted with a better immortality than erring earthly genius can bestow, near him then—they again young, and he so old!

At the last his courageous unselfishness, his delicate considerateness, were most touchingly shown. After taking leave of his "dear boys," one by one, with loving words and gentle advisings, after giving to them kind messages for all his good friends in Rome, he said. "Now, my dear young gentlemen, I know it is not a pleasant thing to see an old man die: will you do me the kindness to step into my study and remain there for half an hour?—then you may return. Adieu! adieu!"

They did as he desired: they sat, quite silent, watching the clock on the mantel as it ticked off those sad minutes, during which no sound came from the chamber of the dying man. When at last

they rose and softly re-entered that room, they saw the slender, familiar form extended, perfectly straight, the white hands clasped on the breast, the kindly eyes closed. The Chevalier was dead!

THE VINDICATION OF ITALIA DONATI.

In Italy, if a married woman in society, young and fair, anomalously set free by that solemn sacrament which purports to bind her to one only love and loyalty, really desires to be true and pure, and to keep herself "unspotted from the world," she has little support from the faith of those about her. She is expected rather, to betray amiable weaknesses, to have charming caprices—to be, in fact, light, if not disloyal, in the worst sense—to betray first, or last, by compromising indiscretion at least, her husband's trust, if he is weak enough to repose any in her. Nobody, except perhaps her mother, believes in her absolute incorruptible "*onestà*"—honesty. The very priest who christened, confirmed and married her, never fails to angle in the confessional for the always suspected *peccato*. I speak advisedly when I say it is very difficult for any Italian man of the world to believe that any Italian signora, youthful, handsome and amiable enough to be admired and

courted, or that any signorina, pretty, poor and unprotected, can long remain virtuous.

The popular Italian writer, Callenga, in his late work, "L'Italia, Present and Future," says: "The scepticism of the Italians in regard to the honor of woman, is perhaps the worst trait in the national character."

So universal is this ugly scepticism that a slandered woman, however innocent, may well despair of vindication. I was convinced of this by a startling tragedy which occurred during my late residence in Italy, and so interested me that I preserved the full detailed accounts, which I will try to condense, thinking they tell a story passing strange and "wondrous pitiful."

Italia Donati was a young girl of a good, but greatly impoverished family, in the small town of Cintolese, in the commune of Monsummano, near Pistoia. This poor family consisted of a widowed mother, a grandfather, two brothers and two sisters, the wife and children of the elder brother, and two children of the second, absent in America. All these *gente* formed one household, and the house was not exactly a mansion. Raised above the peasantry by some education and certain refined tastes, this family yet toiled and suffered like the humblest.

Being ambitious and studious, Italia, in spite of

her heavy domestic duties, was early prepared by a kind and able master to teach, and considered herself fortunate in being appointed *maestra*, or mistress, of the municipal school of Porciano, a rude little mountain town, where her services were rewarded by full forty-five *lire*—about nine dollars a month! With this sum she not only maintained herself, but two of her little nephews, and also assisted her mother. How she did it is one of the sacred, sublime mysteries of the loving poor. Widely separated for the first time from her family, and surrounded by unsympathetic strangers, she was still content, almost happy, in her work for the first few months—then cruel troubles came upon her. Unfortunately, as it proved, Italia was very beautiful in face and singularly symmetrical in form, with a delicacy, grace and dignity very unusual in her class, and with a quiet reserve of manner not calculated to render her popular among a gross and jealous people. Yet she had admirers—too many, too persistent and unscrupulous. Among them was an old sinner of a Sindaco, or Mayor—one Raffaello Torrigiani—a rustic Don Giovanni, who, as the municipal school was on his property and under his special direction, was inclined to abuse his power toward any *maestra* who pleased his fancy. In this case not only he, but a profligate son and two

nephews, attempted to pay court to the bewildered young teacher, each in his turn boasting of being the favored lover of "*la bella maestrina.*" There came also to woo, not honorably, the Brigadiere of the Carabiniere of the Commune—a burly braggart. These brave men being, one and all, proudly repulsed, set themselves to punish and persecute the presumptuous girl. They spread through the town and region round about the most atrocious calumnies, which it seems were eagerly taken up and repeated by the coarse women of Porciano, especially the village girls, jealous from the first of the beauty and distinction of the stranger, whom they named "*la Superba,*" though the poor Italia was uniformly kind and courteous to all. Her elder pupils at length rebelled against her authority, answering the least admonition and reproof with low taunts and sneers. Only the children, whose love she had won, clung to her. Yet sometimes the youngest proved innocent torturers, repeating coarse epithets they had heard applied to her in their homes, or on the street. As the persecution grew and raged, some of the most valiant of these children formed a little body-guard and strove to protect her from insult when she ventured to walk abroad. Anonymous letters, containing vile charges, came to her by post or were thrust under her door. After nearly three years of bitter

trial and patient endurance her situation became intolerable. She could not resign and go home in disgrace to be a burden to an already overburdened family—a family singularly proud of an untarnished name, honor being their sole luxury—so she humbly petitioned to be given another school, but was told she could only have that of a town so near to her present place of torment that the miserable slanders had already reached it, as was proved by an anonymous missive warning her not to come, saying: "Cecina will not take the leavings of Porciano." Then she fell ill and was obliged to call in a physician. On this illness, caused as much by sternly suppressed weeping through the day as by the sleepless agony of her nights, was founded a new calumny. She was accused of a desperate self-inflicted injury —of a *crime*—and the medical man not hearing of, or not taking the trouble to contradict the story, it spread, and some kind neighbor—there are always such—brought it to Italia, telling her it was the theme of gossips, male and female, everywhere, and that it had even been vehemently discussed in the Municipal Council. Driven to bay, if ever a hunted creature was, poor Italia saw that further struggle was utterly hopeless. But with despair came a stern resolve. This last was a calumny which, from its very nature, could not be lived down. Through

death alone could she prove it to be a calumny. At least, so she believed, for she was young, ignorant, morbidly sensitive and modest, and without powerful friends, or wise advisers. Honor, family honor, which must be vindicated at any cost, seemed to say to her, as Virginius to Virginia: "And now, my own dear little girl, there is no way but *this!*"

There is above Porciano a little mountain stream flowing through a gloomy gorge. In the darkest, dreariest part of this gorge is a deep pool, shadowed by dense foliage, weeds and brambles—a lonely, weird, unsightly spot. On the last day of May, a passing peasant noticed the unhappy *maestra* standing by that pool, and, though looking distressed, idly dropping pebbles into the water, as though sounding it. The next morning, early, she tested the murky depth. A contadina coming up the steep path saw, fluttering on the parapet, a scarlet *grembiale*, or apron. This she took up and recognized as the property of "the poor *maestra*, who was always so sad." Then, obeying a fearful impulse, she bent over the wall, and amid the deep shadows discovered *something* floating in the dark basin—a slender, girlish form, circling in a sort of slow whirlpool—a piteous sight, in its rest and unrest, with its wan face upturned, as though in a last appeal. The frightened woman ran to give the alarm, and soon

all that misfortune, inhumanity and death had left of Italia Donati was borne back to Porciano. In the pocket of her *grembiale* was found a paper directing the authorities where to find keys to her room and desk, and concluding with this solemn charge: "Let my body be left at the *Tribunale*, in order that a skilful medical examination may be made, which I call for, because I am innocent of the shameful charges made against me. I pray all good people to pity and pardon the poor, unhappy Italia Donati."

In her desk were found papers giving a calm, clear statement of the origin of those cruel calumnies, and naming their authors. There was a letter of farewell to her mother, and one to her brother. The latter only was published. In it she repeated her solemn charge in regard to a *post-mortem*, which alone could vindicate her honor, saying: "It is for this motive I die."

I do not believe there is in any language a more noble and pathetic letter of final farewell than this. While breathing a profound sense of honor and purity, a lofty pride and dignity, it yet betrays the sharp agony of self-immolation—the yearning, exquisite tenderness of a breaking heart. The poor girl gave this "dearest brother" some directions as to the disposal of her body "after justification." She wished him, if he could do so, "without too much

sacrifice," to have it removed to the Campo Santo of Cintolese, but if he must leave it in the place where she had suffered so much wrong, she enjoined him to have her vindication carved on her head-stone. She desired no funeral services, only a mass for the repose of her "perturbed spirit," and willed that there should accompany her to the grave only a priest or two, and "the dear little boys and girls, my pupils —innocent, as I myself am. I wish that the young girls who hated and defamed me in life may not come to scoff at me on my way to the tomb." Then followed a modest bequest—a few pennies, to be distributed among the children who should follow her coffin. The letter closed with a passionate outburst of filial and sisterly love, tender messages, and prayers for pardon for her fatal act. As I read these now, I seem to see the lovely, lonely girl, who had planned to die in the morning, writing in her poor little room in the school building. I seem to hear in the breathless, summer midnight, her desolate sobs—even the fall of tears on her paper.

Italians, who are nothing if not romantic, see the grand passion in every tragedy, and there was at once a rumor that the suicide was betrothed, and had feared the effect on her lover of the slanders, which sickened for her the sweet spring air and hissed along its flowery paths, like so many ser-

pents; but it was not so. Italia loved only honor.

The supreme last wish of the *maestra* was obeyed; an autopsy took place, and unimpeachable medical authority attested the absolute innocence and maidenly purity of the subject, by which formal report a large part of the men and nearly all of the women of Porciano stood convicted of cruel slander and infamous persecution. None of the guilty dared appear at the burial of their victim, which took place in the evening of June 2d. No young girls were present; only the priests, some members of the *Misericordia*, and Italia's little pupils, who preceded the coffin, weeping, and laid on her grave garlands of roses and bunches of wild flowers, gathered near the scene of her death.

The story of Italia Donati was given to the world by the journals of Pistoia, Lucca, Florence and Milan, and soon all Italy was profoundly moved to pity, admiration and wonder over the sombre heroism of this "martyr to honor," who in her extremity had evoked the championship of Death. Indignation against her brutal persecutors raged like a torrent. A Milan journal, the *Corriere-della-Sera*, started a popular subscription to obtain the means for carrying out the touching wish of Italia, for the transfer of her body to Cintolese, and also for the placing over it a vindicatory stone. This

appeal was so generously responded to that within the month a beautiful though modest shaft of black marble, lettered in gold, was made in Milan and conveyed to Cintolese, and the removal of the body was also accomplished. Owing to the fact that the distance, some twenty or thirty miles, between Porciano and Cintolese had to be traversed entirely by carriages, and for the most part over fearfully steep and rough roads, the exhumation was made at night, by torchlight. Italia, clad in her festa-gown, of red stuff, and found in a wonderful state of preservation—"miraculous," her poor townspeople said—was tenderly lifted from a rude coffin of poplar wood and laid in one of zinc, then reverently borne to the hearse, preceded by the old parish priest of Cintolese. Everything was done by the townspeople of the *maestra;* not a man of Porciano was allowed to lift a finger—least of all the priest of the village, who had, while knowing her innocence, been shamefully derelict in his duty toward his friendless parishioner.

Just at dawn, the most remarkable funeral procession ever seen in Italy started from that wretched, squalid, mountain cemetery, and passed through mourning communes, and vast crowds of excited, weeping, praying peasants and townspeople, through a forest of banners and emblems, and through a

rain of roses; growing by accretions of educational, clerical and municipal deputations to immense proportions, till it reached at night the parish church, and the flowery, shadowy burying ground of Cintolese. It was truly an imposing, a marvelous demonstration in which all classes, from the humblest peasant to the proudest noble joined. Great ladies came, some from a long distance, in their carriages and costumes of state, to do honor to honor. At Lamporecchio, the first large town reached, the streets were crowded and the surrounding hills covered with people. Here a great number of young school-girls, selected for their beauty, robed in white and wearing white veils and wreaths, surrounded the hearse and literally heaped the coffin with white lilies and roses, while the military band of the town played a funeral march. From this point to Cintolese, "the cloud of witnesses" grew more and more dense, till it was estimated that fully 20,000 had come out to see the astounding honors paid to the memory of a poor daughter of the people. It was more than once necessary for the military escort to force a way through the crowd for the hearse, which moved slowly, shaking off flowers, to be eagerly caught up and piously treasured. At the last stage, the straggling procession was consolidated and moved

in solemn order to the church and cemetery of Cintolese. A band playing a requiem went before the funeral car—one great mass of flowers. The six pall-bearers were all dignitaries—municipal or scholastic. After them came the family and near friends of the *maestra*, then many children, and a hundred young girls, all in white, bearing wax tapers. Then came deputies from two communes, many schoolmasters and mistresses; then more deputations and societies, then carriages of all styles, ages and conditions, then the great multitude of pedestrians, mostly peasants, all wide-eyed with wonder. On all sides were heard the favorite exclamation of this primitive people: "Oh, *Jesu e Maria!*"

Addresses were delivered over the hearse in the grave-yard; the most touching of which was that of Italia's old master, given with tears, and calling forth sobs, and now and then an imprecation, as he spoke of his dear pupil, so cruelly "driven to despair and death, in the flower of her years, when life should have been a smile and a hope."

At last poor Italia was laid to rest—real, lasting rest—and the monument raised by public subscription, and attesting the pity and respect of a thousand hearts and the full vindication of her fame, placed over her. The Italians are

not like us. After a grand funeral demonstration they really put up their monuments—are not content with the parade and talk of a day. Certainly, public interest in my heroine, an austere, old-fashioned heroine, did not die out in Italy with that atoning demonstration. The subscriptions went on, augmented by the sale of the photographs of the beautiful girl, till a sum sufficient to secure her widowed mother from want and to greatly aid other members of her family, was raised and securely placed. So, not even in a worldly sense, did the poor martyr—or fanatic, if any shall so consider her—die in vain.

The evidently deep impression made on the minds of young Italians by the heroism and sad fate of Italia Donati cheered me greatly. After all—I said their scepticism is not profound or ineradicable. Though they looked at each other in wonder, as asking, "Have we Lucretias among us?" I doubted not that each young man believed in and reverenced his individual mother, and trusted in his exceptional sisters not yet out of the convent. Yet it struck me as sadly significant that so many Italians, devout worshipers of the blessed Virgin, should be overwhelmed with astonishment at finding that the noblest womanly virtue of Pagan Rome could exist in the heart of Christian Italy.

GREAT BURIAL PLACES, AND GREAT GRAVES IN LONDON.

Westminster Abbey is the first shrine toward which all good Americans wend their pious way. I found it little changed from the time of my first visit. What is a quarter of a century to that Methuselah of minsters?

Coming back to the temple of our father's faith, to the ancient monuments of our glorious dead, looking into the solemn arches still dim with the morning twilight of our history, I felt like one of the "lost sheep of the house of Israel," returned to the old fold.

This time, I did not waste my time over Tudors, Plantagenets, Stuarts, and such like potentates, but walked directly to the Poet's Corner, and in a brief moment was standing on the very slab which covers the grave of Charles Dickens. It is a most unob-

trusive stone, bearing only his name, and the date of his birth and death. I had come that morning from Tavistock Square, where I had gazed wistfully at the house in which, on my first visit to London, I had seen Mr. Dickens—young, happy, brilliant—surrounded by his loving family and troops of loyal friends, and it all seemed so recent that the bright scene almost effaced from my memory the later picture of Charles Dickens in America, so sadly changed—looking so worn and overstrained, yet so strangely restless—so resolutely and preternaturally active—alive in every nerve and fibre of body and brain, to receive and give out—to enjoy and to suffer. So it seemed to me as I stood there, that he had gone before his prime, in the morning splendor of his fame, and I could not be reconciled to his lying there in the sombre twilight which better befits the soberness of age, and the pomp and exclusiveness of what is called noble birth. It is a grand thing, doubtless, to be buried in Westminster Abbey, but it is a dreary sort of isolation in death, for a social, kindly man like Dickens. No friend can come to keep him company; no child may be laid at his side. He loved light and warmth and color; all cheerful sights and sounds. Change was necessary to his alert spirit, and he should have been laid in some pleasant open burial-ground in or near

the great city, with the sounds and movements of every-day life about him. That was the life he loved to paint. He never was at home with lords and ladies. He has gone into magnificent banishment here, where the perpetual tramp of strange feet, coming and going, is like the ebb and flow of a sea across the granite which shuts him down amid unkindred dust, where no faintest influence of the sun, no intimations of the changing season, can come. But they say his coffin was heaped high with flowers. Midsummer went down with him into the grave, and was hid away with him in fragrant darkness there. And on each anniversary of his death there are placed on that cold, gray slab the sweetest and brightest flowers of this festal month—crosses of white lilies and roses, "pansies for thought," "rosemary for remembrance," and always a peculiar offering from some unknown hand—a wreath of scarlet geraniums, looking in that shadowy corner like flowering flame, the very expression of passionate love and sorrow.

St. Paul's seemed always less to me like a religious edifice than the temple of England's naval and military glory, grandly housing as it does the ashes of her greatest sailor and soldier—Nelson and Wellington. England has here done her best in magnificent monuments to eternize the memory of those

Titanic heroes, who fortunately lived and fought before the era of Krupp guns and nitro-glycerine. In the same gloomy crypt is a wonderful gathering of her great painters—among them Reynolds, Landseer and Turner. Landseer should have been buried in the Highlands, where deer and the hounds could sweep by his grave; and Turner has no business where sea and storm, sunsets and sunrises are not.

This vast Protestant cathedral at first scarce impresses one with more than a sense of hugeness. It is comparatively cold and bare and empty. With all its grandeur of proportion, it is essentially a human structure. Its grandest feature, the dome, was modeled after a mighty heathen type, the Pantheon. Titanic strength heaved at these pillars—skilled artisans, not inspired artists, rounded these lofty arches. It lacks the atmosphere of antique consecration. In conception and execution it was the work of one man, and he died but yesterday. The Abbey can hardly be said to have been built, even by the princes and priests whose names it perpetuates. It was the work of Christianity itself—it grew with the advance of Christian civilization. It was the stone chronicle of the ages, while yet religion was the soul of human government, while miracles and martyrdoms were possible, and God had not been reasoned and resolved out of His universe.

Those majestic arches, the marvelous carved roofs, pillars, and portals, and screens, and choir, are prayers, thanksgivings, anthems, and aspirations taking form in stone, while in the stained windows the old heathen sun has for centuries had his morning splendors and evening glories converted into saintly ecstasies and adorations. All these old minsters and cathedrals seem to me to be haunted by the soul of the old faith. I fancy a faint odor of incense hangs round them still, and with it an influence, mysterious and mournful, yet sweet and tender and intensely human—the memory of the banished Madonna and her Child. After all, the things we wonder at most worshipfully belonged to the old unreformed Babylonian institution, which, whatever its sins, never exacted petty tribute of the stranger within its gates. I think I can understand the feeling of English Romanists when they see the Protestant Establishment trading in the dust of Catholic saints, kings, and heroes, while she sits complacently like a cuckoo in the magnificent nests of the proud old mother bird, which once brooded over the whole Christian world.

Even Nelson's sarcophagus of black marble is said to have been intended for a more pious papistical use—to enclose the remains of proud old Cardinal Wolsey himself.

The Prince Albert Memorial Chapel at Windsor is also a confiscation from Wolsey. It is rich and grand, but in religious and poetic impressiveness it is not, of course, comparable to St. George's Chapel—that solemn, bannered theatre of English royal and knightly history. I ought to be ashamed to own it, perhaps, but I find that I have not outlived the romantic enthusiasm—the passionate interest—of my youth, for and in places like this,—types and memorials of a great people. My realization is as swift and ardent and complete as ever. Without failure or postponement, the great tragedies of history, with their great actors, "dead and turned to clay," come storming, or slowly sweeping, on to the scene. The splendid pageants of the past live on the instant before me. The silent music of marriage hymn or funeral dirge throbs in the air. I found that on that day I could not stand, without a thrill of pity, or a shudder of horror, over the vault where lies poor Princess Charlotte, with her kingdom-bought baby on her breast, and Charles I., with his head by his side, and Henry VIII., by his dear wife Jane, who died in time to save her head. Here, beside his good, homely spouse, Charlotte, sleeps soundly, after all his trouble, George III., in the midst of his children. Only two willed not to be let down to stately slumber in that

moldy royal realm—that silent underground court-circle—but chose to be laid beneath the turf, among trees and flowers and sunshine, in the people's burying-ground of Kensal Green. These were the genial, liberal-minded, and kind-hearted Duke of Sussex, and his devoted sister, the Princess Sophia. The last royal interment at Windsor was that of George of Cumberland, the blind and deposed King of Hanover, grandson of a blinder George and a more unkinged King. I think it was while George III. yet lived, if he did not rule, that the two young Princes of Cumberland were one day entertaining some guests—Eton boys—at Windsor, and were strolling about the gardens, when an attendant observed Prince George, a handsome, light-hearted fellow, playing in a careless way with a long silken purse, ornamented on each end with a golden acorn. This he was flirting back and forth before his face, so near his eyes that the faithful servant warned him that he might strike them with it. The merry Prince laughed and kept on with his play, but presently gave a cry of pain. He had struck his eye with one of the acorns, sure enough! Yet he made light of the hurt, only applying a little water from a fountain near by. For a day or two he would have nothing more done; then the other eye became affected, and the "medical man" was called in, who, of course, did his best; but it was too late.

All the King's doctors could not undo the work of that little golden acorn. Acute inflammation set in, with torture and terror unspeakable, which, after a while, yielded to the melancholy ease of utter blindness and the total eclipse of life.

Shortly after the unification of Germany this brave, blind old fighter, one of the royal chess-men which Bismarck had swept off the board, came over for a brief visit to his royal kinsfolk, and the next year he came to stay.

It was a more pathetic than imposing funeral. Meekly enough royalty confessed to mortality. There was no lying in state, and little pomp and circumstance—none of a public character. Within the chapel, the great vault yawned for a few moments to take in a little light, a little music, a few flowers, that sheeted and coffined and richly-palled clay, the sound of the empty titles and dignities of the dead Prince, proclaimed on the brink of the grave,—a pompous introduction to the grim monarch of that moldering realm, and all was over. Strong night repelled the timid invasion of day, more solemn silence overwhelmed the solemn dirge and dead march, the brightness of flowers became blackness, their sweetness fainted in the mold. For that Prince without a principality, banished from the kingdom of light and beauty these many years, for that sad father who had

never beheld the faces of his children, that stricken old man, weary of groping, the valley of the shadow of death could have had no terrors; only a little deeper night has settled on his sightless eyes.

After Windsor and St. Paul's and the Abbey, where is regally enshrined so much precious dust of what was once the grandeur and power and grace of imperial England, we have sought out other burial-places, in the open, common air, amid the rush and roar of London, but where rest men and women who are kings and queens for all time, crowned by genius and immortal fame, anointed by the blessings of humanity. One visit was to Old Paddington Church-yard, a pilgrimage to the grave of Siddons, the incomparable, unapproachable queen of English tragedy. We found it, after some inquiry and search, in the most desolate part of that desolate old yard, immediately on the walk, without a tree or a plant or a bit of turf near it. A plain, broad marble slab, surrounded by an iron railing, covers the grave, bearing the inscription:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

SARAH SIDDONS

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE JUNE 8TH, 1831, IN THE 78TH YEAR OF HER AGE.

'*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*'"

Nothing more; nothing significant or characteristic of that pure and noble life of artistic toil, of that beautiful, peerless woman; nothing poetic or stately. She might have been a costermonger's wife for all that ugly stone and its unsightly surroundings would tell. I could not feel reconciled to such a sepulture for her. She should have stretched out her whole royal length in the rich dust of Westminster Abbey, or she should have been taken to Stratford, and laid near her great master, or should sleep in that beautiful *campo santo* of artists and poets, Kensal Green, under the shade of noble trees, with all the sweet English flowers which Shakespeare named, chief among them royal white and red roses, blooming about her grave.

Neither could I be reconciled to the neglected, almost forgotten, air, the untidiness and general desolateness of that old "God's acre" of the Dissenters, Bunhill (or Bone-hill) Fields, wherein sleeps many an unsceptred prince of the mind, many an uncrosiered bishop of the soul, many an "elect lady" of the Lord. It is a melancholy, as well as a grim, lonesome, and deserted-looking spot. It seems that after all the saints that have been laid here to await a glorious resurrection, after all the prayers and hymns that have gone to sanctify the ground and sweeten the air, the horror and taint of the old

plague-pit still hangs about the place. Yet, one has none of these unpleasant fancies when standing by an altar-tomb in the midst of the ground, whereon lies a quaint figure of deep, sweet repose—the figure of John Bunyan. He has laid down forever his burden of earthly weakness and trouble and toil, and rests in God, his infinite thirst after holiness slaked at the fountain-head of divine grace, his infinite sadness over mortal sin and sorrow comforted by the fulness of wisdom and faith.

Next in interest to all good Christian souls is the tomb of dear old Isaac Watts. Standing beside it, and blessing the good man's memory, one realizes, as never before perhaps, how vast has been his holy and benign influence, and how unworn and unwasted it yet is. As England's "morning drum" has been said to beat round the world, the devout soul of this her son has girdled the earth, with strains of praise and prayer and thanksgiving, morning and night, for a hundred years. What a blessed immortality on earth is that.

A modest pyramidal monument which marks the grave of Daniel De Foe was raised by six-penny subscriptions from the boys of England. The boys of America should have had a hand in that, and the girls too—young and old. Measured by the love and gratitude we all bear his memory, it should have

been a colossal, magnificent monument. Who of us is not his debtor still for far-gone but unforgetable hours of enchantment, when in wild winter nights, perhaps, we were rapt away to that wondrous summer isle in the far seas—for hours of stolen delight, such as—Sunday afternoon readings, in dusty garrets, or musty hay-mows, or up in apple-trees, or down under bridges. Here also are altar-tombs to the memory of certain untitled princes—if true natural princeliness can be bequeathed—the sons of Oliver Cromwell, the man whose blood was thicker and richer with kingliness and courage than that of any monarch who has sat on the English throne since Richard the Lion-hearted. Near the grave of that other Richard, with another sort of a heart, lies the divine, Dr. Thomas Goodwin, who pronounced upon him the blessing of the God of the Puritans when he was proclaimed Protector of the Commonwealth. That benediction did not hold. The strong angel of victory only blesses those who have strength to wrestle with him. It moves one more to think of this good man as praying by the death-bed of the father, than as blessing the son; to think how fervently on that portentous and tempestuous night, in September, 234 years ago, that solemn voice of pleading and intercession rose amid the sobs of sorrow and the wailings of

the storm, amid mortal dismay and wild elemental strife, battling its way toward heaven, like some strong bird, or like the great heroic, absolute soul it preceded for a little space.

Not far from the Cromwell tombs is a simple headstone, which marks the resting-place of that sweet, godly woman, Susannah Wesley, the beloved mother of Charles and John. About this grave, somewhat more than a century ago, a solemn crowd was gathered, committing to the dust, with many tears, that blessed mother in Israel; and then her great son, John, pale with watching and grief, but with a marvelous, tender light—the light of her new blessedness—in his eyes, spoke strong, impressive words of Christian triumph and resignation, through which trembled filial yearnings and regrets, and loving memories, no less holy, and gracious, and manly.

In this most unpicturesque ground lie also the painters, Blake and Stothard, not seeming at all at home; and here in the midst of Nonconformist heroes and heroines, rests a certain Dame Mary Page, whose curious epitaph informs us that she was a martyr to the dropsy, having been tapped sixty-six times in as many months, and had drawn away no less than two hundred and forty gallons of water, "never repining at her case, or dreading the operation."

One of us was wicked enough to remark that the pathetic epitaph of poor Keats should have been borrowed for Dame Page. It is strange how open one's mind is to intimations of the ludicrous in such solemn places.

I remember we laughed at a direction referring to a new gate, but chalked on a tombstone—"*This way out.*"

Just across the City Road, opposite Bunhill Fields, is the little Wesleyan chapel, in the narrow yard of which is buried John Wesley. It moves one profoundly to stand beside that most unpretending tomb, near the thronged highway—lacking utterly the silence and seclusion provided for their last resting places by the great ones of the earth—with London traffic roaring past, and rumbling underneath it—and then to think how the fervent, constant, brave, yet meek spirit, which once informed the dust below, founded so vast a commonwealth of faith, kindled so mighty a flame of religious freedom and reform, and yet draws after it, by the simple power of love and holiness and a broad humanity, a multitude whom no man can number.

Behind Bunhill Fields lies the burial ground of the Friends, where, underneath a homely little meeting-house, sleeps brave old George Fox. He, alone, has anything like a monument or memorial

stone. His sturdy followers lie under the long, rank grass, without even mounds to mark their graves. It is the utter annihilation of mortal individuality—a dreary democracy of death.

One Sunday afternoon we spent at Kensal Green, that great camping-ground of the dead, where a host, some 80,000 strong, occupy till the Lord come. We sought out first the grave of dear Tom Hood. A soft gleam of sunshine rested on the noble bronze bust which marks the spot, but on the flowers and shrubs about the grave itself shone the profuse raindrops of a recent shower, so significant of the smiles and tears which seem to make up his bright pathetic memory. We found also the monument over the daughters of Walter Scott, Anne Scott, Sophia Lockhart, and also little Johnny Lockhart—the "Hugh Littlejohn" we all loved for his grandfather's sake. These should surely have been buried in Dryburgh Abbey, gathered about him whose love held them so closely and dearly in life, and whose fame gilds that sombre spot with a light beyond the "laughing light of flowers."

At the grave of Sidney Smith one feels no sadness, rather a cheerful thankfulness for the manly cheeriness, the wholesome humor and good-humor, the uprightness and righteousness, of the wit, the philosopher, the moralist, and the

divine; who loved God through his fellow-men, and his fellow-men through God. Thackeray and John Leach lie under plain altar-tombs, almost side by side, as seems fitting for the two great satirists of their time, so kindred in their genius, keen but kindly, delicate but fearless and true. Heaven rest their souls, or rather give them the work they love! Over Leigh Hunt's grave is a marble bust, said to be marvelously like him, certainly a most unique and refined head and a clear-cut face, seeming alive through the marble—coldly glowing with tender, poetic feeling. A little way from Leigh Hunt's grave is that of a woman fit to be the companion and friend in life and the neighbor in death of the choicest poets and the rarest artists —"Sophia, wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne." The white headstone bears only that simple inscription, one marvelously expressive of the peculiar wifely devotion, impassioned and reverent, with which she, a woman of rare intellect and culture and of great moral strength, merged her life in her husband's, and would, had it been possible, have sunk her sweet fame out of sight in his. By her beloved mother's side, has nestled down to rest her fair daughter, Una, a rarely lovely girl, an exquisitely sensitive nature, wearied and worn out before her time. I went again shortly after to Kensal Green

with a dear friend, to plant over that newer grave some delicate vines and the lily of the valley. In the spring time, when those dainty lilies blow, they will remind those who knew Una of her, as no other flowers could—of her fragility and sweetness, and a certain atmosphere of poetic grace and purity, something quite indefinable and spiritual, "felt like a perfume within the sense."

I sought out in the chapel, the mural tablet above the family vault of Macready. It is a most mournful memorial, recording as it does, not only the death of the great actor and good man, but that of the wife of his youth, his "dearest Catherine," and his beloved sister Letitia, and of seven of his children, all of whom died before him. Just thirty years before his own final exit from so tragic a stage of being, he wrote in his diary, after a sudden, severe illness, "I can but think of all I have gone through as a rehearsal of the scene which must one day be acted, when I must feel, in addition to my bodily sufferings, that I must leave the dear friends of my heart, the blessed children of my love." Alas! what he had to rehearse was "that melancholy journey to Kensal Green"—as his biographer calls it—taking his darlings one by one, to that sombre home, that small granite house in the crypt—till a goodly company were gathered together. Then he passed in himself and shut the door.

THE MEMBER FROM CARLOW.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

One summer morning, some sixteen years ago, I visited the English House of Commons—if furtively peering down on its proceedings, through the *jalousie* of the narrow Ladies' Gallery, can be called visiting that proud chamber of legislation. Lady Bland, the wife of the Speaker, and my hostess for the occasion, kindly pointed out certain notabilities, such as John Bright, Benjamin Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, and lastly, Professor Fawcett, the blind member, who had just entered in the midst of a speech by Lord Hartington, and had paused, as though fearing to distract any one's attention, and stood attentive with such a look of listening as only an intelligent sightless face can wear. I was familiar with his pathetic and noble story of endurance and struggle, of Christian resignation and pure Anglo-Saxon pluck; and as I looked on him that morning, I said to Lady Bland: "Surely Mr. Fawcett is the most heroic man in the House of Commons."

"Well, yes," she replied, "I suppose he is; for though misfortune came on him suddenly, while he was in the first flush of a most promising manhood, he did not let it overwhelm him, but in spite of it has done grandly in life; yet, just down there, to the right, sits a man, who by the force of immense patience and will has accomplished even more for himself, physically, at least, and who I think, must be accepted as a moral hero—though rather a grotesque one it must be confessed. It is the member with the large, strong head, not wearing his hat, and dressed in a peculiar manner."

Looking at the place indicated I remarked that I could see what, the head excepted, seemed only the torso of a man. "That," she rejoined, "is about all there is to see in this case. The gentleman is Mr. Kavanagh, an Irish member, who was so unfortunate as to be born without legs and almost without arms."

Not knowing him personally, Lady Bland could tell me little of Mr. Kavanagh, except the facts well known, yet almost incredible, of his many accomplishments—athletic and artistic—his cleverness as a painter, his skill as a horseman, his exploits as a sportsman. She told me that he was always borne in the arms of a stout Irish retainer, from his brougham, in the court, up the steps to the corridors,

through which he was wheeled in a chair to his place in the Chamber! She said he rarely spoke in the House, but that when he did join in a debate, he was listened to with respect, as a man of intelligence and integrity; that usually he was exceedingly reserved in manner; but that gentlemen who met him at the club, or his own dinner-table, found him very genial, well-read, a good story-teller, a wit—in short, a charming companion.

A few years later I chanced to know an agreeable, intelligent Irish lady, who knew the Kavanaghs intimately and had spent much time at the old family-seat, Borris House, County Carlow. From her I received certain details of family history which gave me a better knowledge of the character and life of a man, remarkable for being a man at all, after Nature's cruel niggardliness. Aside from her own observations, this young woman had learned much from her parents and from tenants on the Carlow estates of one of the proudest of the old Irish families—direct descendants of the ancient Kings of Leinster.

Arthur McMurrough Kavanagh was born at Borris House in 1831, and was the third son of Thomas Kavanagh, Esq., and his wife, Lady Harriet, daughter of the Earl of Clancarty. There were no rejoicings over the birth of this baby, who, though he had

a large body and a fine head, was what is called a "monstrosity"—so shockingly unfinished was he, with arms only reaching to the elbow, and rudimentary legs, but a very few inches in length. It was told that when his lady-mother first saw him, she cried out in grief and horror: "Oh, take him away; I cannot bear to look on him. Why does God so afflict me?"

Afterward she struggled against that feeling of repugnance, for she was not a hard woman, but she was proud of her other sons and of her daughters, who were well-formed and handsome; and for many years the sight of the poor little *lusus naturæ* sent a pang of grief and mortification to her heart. She saw that the boy had always the best of such care and companionship as the best of servants could give, and such limited instruction as it was supposed he could profit by and enjoy; but compared with the other Kavanagh children he was neglected. When his brothers and sisters were nicely dressed and allowed to go down to the dining-room with their governess, in time to take their share in the fruit and sweets of the dessert, poor little Arthur was left in the nursery, sitting disconsolate in his wheeled chair, from which he was taken betimes, to be undressed and put to bed, where he rolled about, like a miserable little ball, and bewailed his hard

fate. He was especially sad when the sound of music and dancing came up from the great hall. Then the place where each leg should have been became an "aching void."

As he grew older, Arthur was a fine-looking boy, what there was of him. He had a full chest and broad-shoulders, a large, well-balanced head, piled with thick masses of dark hair, a face not handsome except in coloring, and for the eyes, which were large, blue and soft, and fringed with long dark lashes. They had in them, I have been told, a look of appealing yet patient sadness, except when sparkling with genuine Irish fun, which happily they often were. Next in charm to his beautiful eyes, was his voice, which, deep and sweet, went at once to the heart. Even the Squire was touched by it sometimes, and the Squire had never quite forgiven Providence for having afflicted him with even a third son so incomplete, "sent into this breathing world not half made up."

It was at last discovered that Arthur was the cleverest of all the Kavanagh children. A tutor at first read everything to him; but he soon grew discontented with such a second-hand way of gaining knowledge and speedily learned to read, having the book hung about his neck and turning the leaves with his lips. From reading he passed to writing, putting

the end of the pen in his mouth and guiding the nib with his right arm-stump; for he was not left-handed. From the first he wrote with great legibility and nicety. He then took to drawing and painting, and, finally, produced work of which even his lady-mother was proud. But the more clever and ingenious he proved himself to be the more unreconciled to him were the Carlow peasants, looking upon him as something uncanny, saying, with a shrug and a shudder, things like this: "Sure he's a changeling of the Evil One, and a mighty fine thing it would be for the Squire and my lady if the little monster were to die just." But the "little monster" showed no signs of dying early. Indeed, he was remarkably strong and vigorous. It was the Squire himself who died.

Early in Arthur's life the most skillful surgeons in the kingdom decided that it was not possible to fit the poor boy with serviceable artificial limbs, and it was never after thought practicable. But his little apologies for legs were of great use to him, as giving him a certain spring in his queer locomotion; for he literally hopped from the floor to chairs, and sofas, and up steps. When a little fellow, he fearlessly rolled down stairs and terraces. He was as valiant as vigorous, and as ready for a fight as was ever Fin McCual, the Irish giant of Causeway renown. He managed to hold his own against his

full-limbed brothers and their playmates, inclined to tease or maltreat him. Not only like the doughty Witherington, of "Chevy Chace," did he fight "upon his stumps," but with his stumps, dealing rapid, resounding blows with his little half arms on his rash assailants. They could not trip him up; but he, with his quick, upward spring, could hurl himself against them like a battering-ram, surprising and upsetting, and putting them "in doleful dumps."

In his childhood Arthur was usually carried about the fine old manor-house and its grounds, in the arms or on the shoulders of a stout bearer; but as he grew older, the wheeled chair was used whenever possible. His dress was a long frock of black or dark blue cloth, to which a cape was added for out-door wear—a costume which, I think, was never materially changed.

Just when the idea came to young Kavanagh to enlarge his means of activity, so cruelly limited, I do not know; but while yet a child he was observed to be perpetually working his arm-stumps, to bring them forward and together. At last, he accomplished his hard task to the extent of being able to hold a large object, rather insecurely. He took no rest, but for years kept up his painful practice till he could get a tight grip on a cane, a pistol, and the hilt of a fencing-sword—till he could

have swung a shillalah, if he had cared to. This victory over misfortune caused him to be round-shouldered; but he cared only for the new power he had gained. He had always singular faith in his own persistent will; and when old family servants were telling the Kavanagh boys wonderful stories of their ancestors, the fighting Kings of Leinster and bold sea-chiefs, or dwelling rapturously on the dash and daring of modern Kavanaghs, McMurroughs and Clancarties in the hunting-field, the poor lad, whose fine eye blazed with excitement, would say: "I'll do such things when I'm a man, to show that I have their blood in my veins." And when one of his merry brothers would laugh and exclaim: "Oh, I say, Arthur! *You* wield a battle-ax and sail a ship, and ride after the hounds! How are you going to do it?" He would simply reply: "I don't know; but *somehow*."

Kavanagh never wielded the ancestral battle-ax, but he did brave execution with the woodman's peaceful implement on his ancestral forest trees.

One day, according to Miss W——, while at this work, he came very near being crushed by an old oak, the direction of whose fall he had a little miscalculated. He hopped his best, but did not quite clear the sweep of the big branches, and was actually pinned to the ground, through the long skirt of his

gown. He was unhurt, and for once was glad there were no legs under his broadcloth skirt.

Mr. Kavanagh was never an Irish Viking of the good old piratical stock, but he owned a splendid modern galley, or yacht, on which he was as absolute as Captain Kidd—"as he sailed," in the Irish, German and Baltic seas; in the Atlantic, the Mediterranean and Adriatic—and finally he accomplished the impossible, in becoming an acknowledged sportsman. He is said to have been a good shot, having guns constructed with peculiar locks, allowing his mouth to play a part in the discharge, probably. If he stalked the deer, he perhaps crept and hopped and humped himself about quietly among the rocks and furze, and if one of the innocent creatures saw him, he probably took him for some queer harmless animal, not a man and a Christian—till he fired. For following the hounds, he rode in a sort of basket-saddle, into which he was strapped. He held the reins in the firm grip of his elbows. I think he used no whip; am confident he wore no spurs; but he was always "in at the death." He drove the most spirited horses with singular skill, having the ribbons passed over his shoulders and under his armpits, and managing the whip in some mysterious way. These things he accomplished in his young manhood, thus building up and keeping up under a

great pressure of thought, study and sadness, his physical health and vigor, till his weight was full nine stone, and his strength was prodigious.

Though a well-bred, well-read, accomplished man, he naturally shrank from general society; but whenever he did visit at the house of a kinsman, or neighbor, all whom he met, young and old, were attracted to him—gathering about his wheeled chair, and listening eagerly to his talk, grave or gay, and to his delightful story-telling. He was, in fact, a man of remarkable and peculiar fascination—not evil in its nature like that exercised by Miserrimus Dexter, a somewhat similar unfortunate, in one of Wilkie Collins' novels, but rather the masterful charm of intellect and essential nobility, rendered more masterful by wit and artistic culture.

Long before this Arthur Kavanagh had won the affection and respect of his mother, and as the years went by he became more and more to her and his sisters, till he was all in all—the head of the family, and the Master of Borris House—his two elder brothers being dead. One, if I rightly remember, was killed in the hunting-field. They had been wild young fellows and squandered so much in their brief careers that the family estates in Carlow, Kilkenny and Wexford were seriously encumbered.

The new Squire, by judicious reforms and im-

provements, by tireless personal management, wise economy and enormous energy, finally brought the rentals up to nearly the old princely figure. Yet he was not a hard landlord. He was said, on the contrary, to have the confidence and respect of his tenants to a remarkable degree, though many were opposed to him in politics, he being what is called an "English-Irishman"—a Tory of the Tories. He was in Parliament some six years, his constituents seeming to think it better to be represented by half a body and a whole man, than by a whole body and half a man, as might have been the case. He lived very quietly when in London, avoiding in every way possible the observation of the curious.

As my friend Miss W—— came to know all the cleverness and goodness of the amiable and courteous gentleman whom in her childhood she had heard referred to as "that poor uncanny craytur, at Borris House," she respected him and felt the charm of his manner, but confessed that the sight of him anywhere out of his wheeled chair, in which he sat tall, gave her a sort of shock, and that his grotesque hop was too much for her nerves. She said he seemed to have wisdom beyond his years and dignity above his inches; for his tenants used to come to him from far and near with their difficulties and disputes, for judgment and adjustment. There

was a fine old oak on the lawn before Borris House, under which he used to sit, to hear petitions and complaints, and smoke and consider, and consider and smoke.

She said Mr. Kavanagh was always kind to animals, and had a great variety of pets—including even a tame bear. He seemed, she said, to love these dumb friends, in great part, because he saw only friendliness, not idle curiosity, nor wounding commiseration in their eyes.

There was a touch of Irish humor in Miss W——'s description of Mr. Kavanagh on board his yacht—especially as he appeared during spells of rough weather, when he was hauling ropes and shouting words of command, which now and then had a slightly naughty as well as nautical sound. He was a good sailor from the first to the last of the cruise, though he could never have been said to have "got his sea-legs on." He reveled in the freedom, peace and comparative privacy of that life, far away from administrative cares, political enmities and staring crowds; and when clad in his rough peajacket (in his case, an Ulster as well), and crowned with his sou'wester, he hopped the quarter-deck, he doubtless felt himself every inch a chief of the old McMurrough line—Kings of Leinster and Vikings of Kilkenny for a thousand years, or so.

But it all came to an end last Christmas-time, when, among our foreign telegraphic items, appeared this brief notice:

"DUBLIN, Dec. 25th.—The Right Hon. Arthur McMurrough Kavanagh, formerly a Representative of Carlow, in the House of Commons, is dead."

I know that this is not a pretty story which I have told; but I hope it is something better.

Now that my strange hero has finished his course so heavily handicapped, here, I fain must think of what may have come after. If, as is claimed, this man's cruel physical malformation had not trenched upon his moral nature—if his soul had attained to the full stature of Christian manhood—if unto the end he had "kept the faith," the faith of his fathers; then, what must have been to him the entering into a new and perfect body—the first outstretching of liberated limbs—the out-thrusting and up-lifting of grateful hands, tingling with life!—how delicious the sense of entire completeness in being!

A PECULIAR CITY.

FERRARA—*née Forum aliene*—is a very interesting city—looking backward. If you wish to make a sketch of it, nowadays, you will find it a satisfactory still-life subject; for it never budges. I visited it in the early summer of 1853, and again in the late autumn of 1886. Alas! it did not recognize me, but I knew it well; for except in the natural differences of the seasons, I could perceive little change. Yet, during those thirty-three years, what events had shaken the world! It is true the town had come out, with the province of which it is the capital, from under the civil protection of the Papal court—had been invaded by railroads and republicanism, gas and Garibaldi; and yet, aside from the new means of getting to the desolate place and of lighting the strangers' way about at night, in the double gloom of the deserted streets, shadowed by huge ruined palaces, I saw no indication of progress or prosperity. It is, in fact, as much a city of the past as was Rome, in the artistic, romantic days—

before revolution and restoration—when I knew it first and, I must confess, loved it best. In "Childe Harold" is a dreary picture of the once brilliant "capital seat" of poetry, art, and ducal splendor:

> "Ferrara, in thy wide and grass-grown streets
> Whose symmetry is not for solitude,
> There seem as 'twere a curse, upon the seats
> Of foreign sovereigns and the antique brood
> Of Este"—

A poetic idea that; but the trouble with poor old Ferrara is malaria, not malediction. The evil which has always borne upon and finally, in great part, desolated the town, is its geographical position. It stands on a plain fertile enough, but hopelessly *mal-sain*, being several feet below the level of the sea and the river Po—an immemorial camping-ground of fevers and agues. Only the wealth and power of the proud house of Este could have made a city thus squatted on a dull, marshy, foggy plain, prosperous and populous. It is hard to believe—but when it held that glorious princely court it was a great commercial center and numbered 100,000 inhabitants. It had always through its reverses, humiliations and decay, a little business-heart, pulsating with more or less feverish activity; but since Byron's time the "grass" has continued to grow and the

population has not, though we do read that "all flesh is grass." Some streets are so silent and deserted, with long lines of uninhabited and uninhabitable mansions, that one is reminded of Pompeii.

Ferrara used to be included in the regular Italian tour, especially during the first twenty years or so after Byron visited it and wrote it up to more than Estian fame; but at present few tourists care to go out of their way to do it honor, and a forlorn lot of prehistoric cabs and fossil remains of cab-horses, stand all day idle on its melancholy piazza. One of the first places piously visited by poetic tourists is the quaint hospital of St. Anna, in the basement of which is the narrow, dismal prison cell in which, it has been held, the poet Tasso was confined seven years, six months and ten days, by Alphonso II. for the crime of loving "not wisely but too well" the proud Duke's sister, the beautiful Leonora d'Este.

Thus Byron:

> "And Tasso is their glory and their shame!
> Hark to his strain, and then survey his cell.
> And see how dearly-earned Torquato's fame,
> And where Alphonso bade his poet dwell."

Doubtless Childe Harold really believed this rueful tradition; but good authorities now hold that the poet was not confined in the hospital as in any

sense a criminal, but as a patient, suffering from a mental and nervous malady; and Tasso himself in some manuscripts, preserved in the Library of Madrid, speaks of having written them during his durance at St. Anna's Hospital, and in his "chambers," and says that *il Duca* did not hold him as a prisoner.

So, one after another, our precious poetic traditions and pleasant historic romances are taken from us! Historians have pretty well proved that Lucretia Borgia, Duchess of Ferrara, was a much-maligned lady—not a bad sort of woman, as women went in the days of the Borgias and Estes—hot-tempered, for she had red hair, and blue eyes; *à faire mourir*, but not a wholesale poisoner, Donizetti's opera and the five coffins to the contrary, notwithstanding. And now, certain French Philistines, after mousing among musty archives at Orleans and Mentz, present some staggering proofs that Joan d'Arc was not burned at the stake, at Rouen, but lived to a good old age in Domrémy, enjoying a liberal pension, and parading in full regimentals at musters, and on festas, with other magnates, military and municipal.

But thus far popular faith has obstinately clung to Tasso's cell. Its rough walls and low ceiling and those of its vestibules are scrawled all over and

carved with the names and sentiments of indignant tourists, most of whom never read a line of Tasso in all their lives. The Byron autograph you must take on faith, as the greater part of it has been cut out and carried away by some lover of letters. Quite one-third of the heavy oaken door of the cell has been hacked off for relics. I disapprove of such vandalism: and yet I must confess to having bribed our guide (he looked so poor and wistful) to carve a small slice for me, which bit of worm-eaten wood I afterward sent home to our great poet, Whittier, with something prettier and more poetic—a bunch of flowers from Ariosto's garden.

On entering that miserable little cell, which I already felt like spelling with an *s*, we became despondent and disbelieving—for surely, we said, it were quite impossible a delicate and sensitive poet, like the author of "Jerusalem Delivered," could have lived so long and written so grandly in such a hole. He would have delivered himself "with a bare bodkin" within six months. The custodian, yielding to the skeptical spirit of our age, said that this cell was really only one of three rooms, that two had been demolished a hundred years ago, and that the larger of these two was the poet's study, from the windows of which he could look across the then open space

to the Ducal Castle, and behold his dear Leonora, promenading on the terrace, gazing now and then in his direction and flinging kisses, which he doubtless returned. I asked the amiable cicerone if he couldn't as well throw in a telephone. The man would evidently have had us believe, for our comfort, that *il Signor* Tasso was very cosily accommodated at St. Anna's and well off, for so idle and useless a creature as a half-mad poet; but I am afraid, so perverse is the human heart, that we felt some regret at the dispelling of the old illusion, the sad picture of Leonora's lover, shut away from sight and hearing of all fair and pleasant things—including his mistress—seeing the day dimly through one narrow grated window, yet singing always, as sings the nightingale "with its breast against a thorn."

Ferrara, under the Este princes, was favored of Apollo. Ariosto was born here, and here lived and died. His modest house, now the property of the city, has been piously preserved and cared for. It seems to have had, from the first, neither a cupola nor a mortgage on it, as across the front runs a frieze, bearing a humble-proud Latin inscription which in queer English reads—"Little, but built for me—but free of all charges—but neat—my property—paid for by my earnings." His study, which was also his chamber, contains few relics, yet has an air

so living and personal one can easily imagine that the poet has just walked out of it into his garden instead of having been carried out of it to a "little church 'round the corner," nearly four hundred years ago. In the center of the *Piazza Ariostea* is a noble statue of the poet, standing on a lofty white marble column, which column has a history illustrating the ups and downs of life. It was first erected to bear a proud equestrian statue of Duke Hercules I.; but horse and rider had to come down in 1810, to make way for the regnant "little Corporal," Napoleon, who in turn ingloriously descended, in 1814, when the divine Ludovico ascended and stood master of the situation. Thus prince and warrior have given place to the poet—and so mote it be!

Near by is the Pinacotica, the sole public art collection of Ferrara, and not a rich one. It occupies the Palazzo de' Diamanti, so called from the shape of the marbles of its outer walls. This, of all the magnificent palaces of the Este family, is the only one in perfect preservation. It has a wonderfully modern look, verily Vanderbiltean. It is strange that the city once frequented by Raphael, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, and other great artists, possesses no fine examples of painting or sculpture. But neither has it any princely patrons of art and literature. It is simply a com-

mercial town, a place for manufactures and trade in small ways. It has not "a soul above buttons;" is ruled no longer by aristocracies of the State or Church. It has as many suppressed convents and abandoned churches as ruined palaces. We remarked one venerable little *chiesa*, dedicated to San Guiseppe, which, by an odd return to first principles, had been converted into a carpenter's shop. In the time of the d'Estes and even much later, under the paternal Papal Government, the Jews of Ferrara were treated with cruel severity, nightly penned in a noisome ghetto, mocked, contemned, made sport of on *festas*, and taxed till their heartstrings cracked. Now they are all abroad, free agents and operators. They have little public spirit, or patriotism naturally; but they have most of the business enterprise and wealth of the community, and are numerous enough to get up and ghetto their Christian fellow-citizens.

The only time that Ferrara looked to us like a populous town was on a market day, and then, strangely enough, there seemed nothing going on. From morning to night crowds of sallow peasant men stood about the streets and squares, quiet, almost silent, a listless, stupid set of people, poor in pocket, in spirit and in blood. They seemed to be patiently waiting for something interesting and amusing to

come off,—a balloon-ascension, or an execution. All wore shabby cloaks, dirty gray, or rusty black and "shocking bad hats," soft and slouchy, and reminded one of a hard lot of conspiring and dissembling stage-villains. I only wished that they had the wit to dissemble and the pluck to conspire.

Ferrara has an imposing cathedral, S. Giorgio, dating from 1135, and at least one noble old church, S. Francesco, which contains the tombs of the Este family; and there are many more musty old temples of Romanism, in which religion itself seems entombed in dust and silence; but the special pride of the Ferrarei, and their consolation in decadence is the noble old stronghold of the Estes—Marquises, Margraves and Dukes of Ferrara d'Modena. *Il Castello* is indeed something to boast of; "grand, gloomy and peculiar," it sullenly faces the changing world of to-day with its uncompromising antiquity—its walls of cyclopean massiveness, its four battlemented towers, its moat, drawbridge and portcullis. It is now profanely occupied by the Bureau of Administration and the Telegraph, yet so proudly impressive is it that such anachronic impertinences take little from its antique and picturesque character. As you walk over the drawbridge, across the moat, into the great sombre court, you seem stepping out of the nineteenth century into feudal times. In ascend-

ing the grand stairway, one must think, with more or less emotion, of the immortal mortals who, in the long ago, have passed up those marble steps to the magnificent *salons* and terraces above, of the most munificent and powerful of the Princes d'Este; of Tasso, Ariosto, Raphael, Titian, Leonardo, Machiavelli; of John Calvin and his convert—that brave, unhappy Princess Renée, of France, Duchess of Ferrara, who for her Protestantism was finally separated from her husband and children; of Leonora d'Este, the fair and sad; of Lucretia Borgia, with her glory of red gold hair; and of those hapless, unnatural sinners, Parisina Malatesta and Hugo d'Este—wife and son of the stern Margrave Nicholas. A visit to the prison-cells of that guilty pair, by gloomy passages and stairways steep, dark and narrow, is somewhat trying to one's nerves. *Non facilis* is the descent to that Avernus.

The foundations of the castle are said to be honeycombed with dungeons—accommodations prepared with diabolical hospitality for prisoners of war or state, so that when revelling after a battle won or a conspiracy discovered, the old Ducal tyrants sometimes entertained as many guests in their dreary subterranean apartments as in their splendid banquet-halls; and when in Duchess Renée's chapel John Calvin discoursed on the anguish of

lost souls in torment, mournful and despairing responses might have come faintly up from the hell beneath his feet. The cells of Parisina and Hugo are particularly dark, low, and oppressively strong, and being below the level of the moat, naturally damp, so only needing a plant of toads and reptiles to render them eminently satisfactory as dungeons to lovers of sensational romance.

The two poor wretches could hardly have felt dismay when summoned to ascend to the light of day, the court-yard and the block. There seems never to have been any doubt that Hugo (called *Azzo* in the poem of "Parisina") was speedily condemned by his father, and beheaded in this court; but at the time Byron wrote it was not known whether the beautiful step-mother shared his fate, or, after being compelled to witness the untimely taking off of his fair young head, was remanded to her dungeon, and there secretly executed, or immured in a convent for life and death. The custodian of the Castello told us, however, that when, a few years ago, the old Church of San Francesco was restored, there was found, among the tombs of the Este family, in the crypt, that of the lovers, which when opened, revealed two skeletons, each bearing marks of decapitation. So that settles it. They were not "lovely" or "pleasant in their lives," yet "in their

death they were not divided "—except spinally, not finally. It is a hideous story, which not even the genius of Byron could render poetic. Indeed, his rhymed legend is by no means lacking in poor, prosaic lines.

The old moat surrounding the castle, filled with dark green water, is, I am sure, a source of malaria, as it makes the whole vicinity damp. In the hotel just opposite, I took a chill, and laid my ailment to that sluggish, useless, old conservative institution. I really believe the castle itself, hoary with mystery and crime, is a sort of incubus on the modern life of Ferrara—a huge monster of ancient pride, craft and cruelty, sullen with impotent hates, hungering in its secret, empty dungeons, blinking out on the peaceful, democratic present with its wicked old eyes, and showing the savage wolf-teeth of its tethered portcullis. It were not a bad chance if a wandering earthquake should happen along to suck down the slimy moat, topple over the four insolent towers, and heave up to the light those underground prisons in which scores of brave men languished and died in the good old days.

Ferrara is distinguished among Italian cities for not having a public monument to, or a statue of, Vittorio Emanuele, Mazzini, or Garibaldi; but to her honor be it said, she has erected in her principal

piazza a monument to Savonarola, surmounted by a statue of the great *Frate*, who was born in Ferrara in 1452. The sculptor has represented him as preaching, and has produced a very impressive sermon in stone. As seen from my window at the inn, by the pale moonlight, this tall, white, ghostly figure, with its outstretched arms and cowled head, appealed strongly to my imagination and reverence. I think we Americans have taken to the Fra Girolamo Cult with especial devoutness, and yet we were only just discovered when he suffered his glorious martyrdom, and had no part nor lot in the lofty inspiration of his life and the sanctifying sorrow for his death. Still it is for our edification to revere him now, for his was a white soul, his a heart to stand fire; he had clean hands and pure lips; his marvellous eloquence was dedicated not alone to Heaven but to humanity; he was priest, prophet, poet and patriot, preaching not alone the Law and the Gospel, but civic virtue, popular freedom and reform; he was a man of God, and of men. I think, though, that by this time we should be growing our own saints militant, and perhaps we are. The troublous times of the Republic are not all over and gone.

TWO SERMONS ON ONE TEXT.

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him : if he thirst, give him drink."

I.

BREAD.

THERE is a sort of sacredness about bread which does not belong to any other form of food. It is as though we, like children, took the prayer of our Lord, "Give us this day our daily bread," in a particular and limited sense. It is as though we remembered always that *He* blessed and brake bread—that He was Himself called the "Bread of Life." No wastefulness shocks us like the waste of "the staff of life." In Germany, Sweden and Denmark this sentiment has grown to a popular superstition. Hans Christian Andersen has a story of a proud girl who trod upon bread, and thereby came to grief; and the German peasants always prophesy terrible misfortunes to the man, woman, or child who mocks at, or flings away this good gift of

Heaven, even in the form of the stalest and coarsest of their "black loaves," which, indeed, are of too heavy and substantial a character to be made light of. The great Thirty Years' War, with its famines and dire distresses, probably gave rise to this superstition. It has the strongest hold on the minds of the peasantry, the descendants of the people who suffered most bitterly in that dreadful period, but all classes entertain it to a degree,—few are so reckless or profane as to see without fear, or displeasure, a slight put upon bread; and that brings me to my little story.

When Napoleon's great army was on the march toward Russia, in the summer of the year 1812, a portion of it passed through Saxony,—a proud, exultant, insolent set of fighters and spoilers, making free with all that came in their way, and often insulting the unoffending people. Among other quiet towns, that of Oschatz was visited with this mighty swarm of imperial locusts, and the inhabitants were called upon to pay tribute in the way of food and comfortable quarters. It happened that a company of infantry halted before the house of a Protestant school-teacher, and there demanded food, and the teacher's son, a handsome little lad, with great, dark eyes, deep and grave and thoughtful, ran in to his mother for some bread. The good

woman gave him a large brown loaf, such as they themselves had just been eating. It was indeed their "daily bread." This the lad took out and courteously offered, with a knife, to a gallant looking young officer, who, to his astonishment and horror, flung it contemptuously on the ground, saying, "How dare you offer us miserable black bread, fit only for swinish German peasants! Bring us white bread, you young rascal!"

Hungry as they were, the soldiers, in the spirit of their officer, kicked the offending brown loaf about, like a foot-ball, until they quite demolished it, and then shouted for white bread. But little Constantine, who was rightly named, replied bravely: "We have no white bread,—we gave you the best we had, and you are very wicked to treat that good brown loaf so. My mother made it, and God punishes people who fling bread on the ground."

The rude French soldiers might have made him suffer for his plain speaking, had not the officer, looking a little ashamed, marched them on to other houses, in search of white bread, better suited to their dainty appetites.

The incident had been witnessed by a crowd of people, who, shocked and indignant, all prophesied humiliation and misfortune to the discourteous strangers. After a few hours, the French troops

marched off, and the old town, whose inhabitants they had bullied and robbed, returned to its quiet, steady-going ways.

It was thus, insulting and spoiling, that the hosts of Napoleon marched on through the Fatherland—with splendid visions and magnificent plans of conquest, glory, dominion and revels—to disaster, defeat,—to unutterable horrors of tempest, cold and death. The dread elements, the awful forces of nature were arrayed against them—the blind avenging furies of Frost and Fire and Flood. In the cold bosom of a strange land, unseen graves, like icy pitfalls, awaited them; and in the clouds of an alien sky were even then being prepared for them, slowly and silently, from the soft exhalations of the summer earth, vast winding-sheets of snow. Many a green valley, in which they gayly bivouacked, on the daisied turf, with murmurous leaves and sweet bird-chirpings overhead, was but a few months later, to receive them in white silence—to invite them to beds of treacherous softness and fatal repose, overhung by leafless branches sheathed in ice,—a spot seemingly abandoned by Nature, forsaken of life, a ghostly Valley of the Shadow of Death.

When the people of Oschatz heard of the fearful reverses of that grand army, they said: "It is little

wonder, if they all flung good bread on the ground, and kicked it about after the manner of those Heaven-defying soldiers who marched through our town."

At last, the remnants of that proud invading host came straggling back through Germany. A miserable set of men were they—sickly, ragged, maimed, frost-bitten,—humiliated and amazed to find the world slipping from the grasp of their deity, the great Emperor, that the laws of Nature did not come under the "Code of Napoleon"—that, in his magnificent plans of conquest, he had left out the mighty, disturbing, elemental forces; had left out chances, accidents, providences, God.

So it happened that the town of Oschatz was again visited by the French, and strangely enough it happened that to that very town came the sad remains of the very company that had called down upon their heads the bread curse. Again they halted before the teacher's house, and again little Constantine ran to his mother for bread. This time there was white bread, and he took out a large loaf and offered it to the young officer whom he remembered well, though now he saw him pale and emaciated, his brave uniform soiled and dilapidated, and one sleeve of his braided coat hanging empty. To the lad's surprise the officer recognized him at once; to

his greater surprise he burst into tears, and refused to take that tempting white loaf, saying: "No, my good little friend, I cannot take this, though I am very hungry, as are my men. Bring us black bread such as we trampled under foot in the summer;—*that* is better than we deserve. Ah, my boy, God has punished us, as you said He would." Then little Constantine went into the house and got a brown loaf from his mother, and all the charitable neighbors contributed from their stores, far more willingly than they once had done, feeding the poor crestfallen fellows, and refreshing them with good beer, without addressing to them one reproachful or taunting word,—without as much as saying to them: "We told you so—you profane frog-eaters and bread-despisers!" This was the way in which the good people of Oschatz obeyed the command of their Lord, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him: if he thirst, give him drink."

One honest farmer who had actually come to town that day to purchase a farm-wagon and horses, to replace those of which these same French soldiers had robbed him, now filled the new vehicle with sick and wounded men, and so conveyed them several miles on their way, past his own home, to their camping-place, walking most of the distance himself, to make room for a poor straggler. That un-

lettered "German boor" had probably never heard of a triumphal car, yet his rude wagon was one,—only that the conqueror walked, while the captives rode. Not the gilded chariot which once bore Cæsar and his fortunes along the Appian Way, or through the Roman Forum, was so grand as that market cart, rumbling and creeping along under its load of sad and humble soldiers. It was the triumphal car of Christianity, which Christ himself would not have disdained to mount. I believe he did ride home with the tired peasant that night, under the solemn stars.

"The child is father to the man." Constantine Hering grew up to be a profound scholar and a great physician. He came to America in his early manhood, and took up his abode in Philadelphia, and never left that city. He was, when I last saw him, an old man with a grand leonine look, but he did not seem old, for he kept still the brave, tender, reverential, honest heart of his boyhood. A philosopher and yet a philanthropist, his deep, tender eyes looked eagerly into the mysteries of Nature and pityingly into suffering human souls. A strong *live* man, he kept pace with the century, on the first day of which he was born, till the end—which was but the beginning. We know that wherever it voyages, in all his Father's infinite universe—that swift, keen

intelligence, athirst for knowledge, it is "on his Father's business—" that wherever it rests, that pitying, sympathetic soul, it is wrapped in love, divine, yet, more than ever, human.

II.

SERMON WATER.

SHORTLY after the close of our great civil war, I chanced to travel by rail for several hours, seated beside a young cavalryman from Wisconsin, who was on his way home, with an honorable discharge, after four years' service. As he was of "goodly countenance," was singularly frank and friendly, and though not "cultured," was very intelligent, I soon fell into conversation with him, and led him on to beguile the way by relating incidents of the battle-field and camp-life. Some of these were intensely interesting, as such things were before our magazines —which it seems will never get out of gunpowder —had made traffic in them, dulling our faith in the heroic and even our sense of the "horrible and awfu'," by endless iteration and contradiction.

One of the simplest of his stories, told with an appearance of the utmost good faith, so impressed me that I immediately took notes of it, and so am

able to reproduce it almost exactly in the soldier's own words.

"Our regiment," he said, "was under Banks, in the spring of 1862, when he made such good time in getting down the Shenandoah Valley. It was an awful, driving, confused, exhausting, hurry-skurry 'change of base,' but it's curious that I chiefly remember it by a little incident, which perhaps you will think was hardly worth laying up, and is hardly worth telling of."

I signified my desire to hear his little story and he went on:

"I was one morning dispatched, in hot haste, to the extreme rear, with a very important order. As ill-luck would have it, I had to ride a strange horse, as my own had fallen lame. The one provided for me proved just the most ill-natured, vicious brute I ever mounted. I had hard work to mount him at all, for his furious rearing and plunging; and when, at last, I reached the saddle, he was so enraged, there was no getting him on for at least five minutes. With his ugly head down, and his ears back, he would whirl round and round, pivoting on his fore-feet and lashing out with his hind-legs, till I fancy they must have looked like the spokes of a big wheel. When he found that I was master of the situation, that my hand was firm and my spurs were

sharp, he gave in—till the next time; but I knew that he was continually watching for a chance to fling me over his head and trample the mastership out of me.

"I rode hard that day, both because of my orders, and for the purpose of putting that devil of a horse through; but there were many obstructions in the road—marching columns, artillery, army-wagons, and above all, hosts of contrabands, who were always scrambling to get out of your way, just *into* your way; so it was noon before I had made half of my distance. It was a hot, sultry, and dusty day. I had exhausted my canteen, and was panting, with tongue almost lolling, like a dog. Just as my thirst was becoming quite unbearable, I came upon a group of soldiers, lounging by a wayside spring, drinking and filling their canteens. At first I thought I would dismount, as my horse seemed pretty well subdued and blowed; but no sooner did he guess my intention, than he began again his diabolical friskings and plungings, at which the stragglers about the spring set up a provoking laugh, which brought my already hot blood up to the boiling-point. Still, I didn't burst out at once. I swung off my canteen, and said to one of the men, the only fellow that hadn't laughed at my bout with the horse: 'Here, comrade, just you fill this for me.'

"He was a tall, dark, heavy-browed, surly-looking chap, but, for all that, I didn't look for such an answer as he growled out:

"'Fill your own canteen, and be damned to you!'

"I tell you I was mad; the other fellows laughed again, and then I was madder, and I just says to him: 'You mean devil! I hope to God I shall yet hear you begging for a drink of water! If ever I do, I'll see you die, and go where you belong, before I'll give it to you!'

"Then I galloped on, though some of the men called to me to come back, saying they'd fill my canteen. I didn't stop till I reached a house, a mile or two further on, where a little black boy watered both me and my horse, and filled my canteen, with a smile that the handful of new pennies I gave him couldn't begin to pay for. When I compared the conduct of this poor little chip of ebony, who said he 'never had no father, nor mother, nor no name but Pete,' with the treatment I had received from a white fellow-soldier, I found that that drink of cold water hadn't cooled down my anger much. And for months and months after, whenever I thought of that affair, the old, mad feeling would come boiling up. The fellow's face always came out as clear before me as my own brother's, only it seemed to be more sharply cut into my memory. I

don't know why I resented this offence so bitterly. I have let bigger things of the sort pass, and soon forgotten them; but *this* stuck by me. I am not a revengeful fellow naturally, but I never gave up the hope of seeing that man again, and somehow paying him back for his brutal insolence. There wasn't a camp or review I was in for the next two years but I looked for him, right and left. I never went over a field, after a battle, but that I searched for him among the dying—God forgive me! At last my opportunity came.

"I had been wounded, and was in one of the Washington hospitals—almost well, yet still not quite fit for duty in the saddle. I hate, above all things, to be idle; so I begged for light employment as a hospital nurse, and they gave it to me, and said I did my duty well.

"I never felt for our poor, brave fellows as I did there. I had been very fortunate, and until that summer had never been in hospital. Now I saw such suffering and such heroism as I had never seen on the battle-field. Companionship helped to keep up the spirits of those we could not save, to the last. Then it seemed hard that each brave boy must make his march down the dark valley alone. But they all went off gallantly. I would rather have galloped forward on a forlorn charge, any day,

than have followed any one of them over to the 'Soldiers' Rest,' though it is a pretty place to camp down in. In fact, my heart grew so soft there so Christianized, as it were, that I forgot to look for my old enemy; for so, you see, I still regarded the surly straggler who refused me water at the roadside spring.

"After the battles of the Wilderness, a great multitude of the wounded were poured in upon us; all our wards were filled to overflowing. It was hot, close weather; most of the patients were fevered by their wounds and exposure to the sun, and up and down the long, ghastly lines of white beds the great cry was for water. I took a large pitcher of ice-water and a tumbler, and started on the round of my ward, as eager to give as the poor fellows were to receive. The ice rattled and rung in the pitcher in a most inviting way, and many heavy eyes opened at the sound, and many a hot hand was stretched out, when, all at once, on one of the two farthest beds of the ward, I saw a man start up, with his face flaming with fever and his eyes gleaming, as he almost screamed out: 'Water! give me water, for God's sake!'

"Then, I couldn't see any other face in all the ward, for it was *he!*

"I made a few steps towards him, and saw he

knew me as well as I knew him, for he fell back on his pillow, and just turned his face towards the wall. Then the devil tightened his grip on me, till it seemed he had me fast and sure, and he seemed to whisper into my ear: 'Rattle the ice in the pitcher, and aggravate him! Go up and down, giving water to all the others, and not a drop to him!'

"Then *something else* whispered, a little nearer, though not in such a sharp, hissing way—conscience, I suppose it was; good Methodists might call it the Holy Spirit; other religious people might say it was the spirit of my mother; and perhaps we would all mean about the same thing—anyhow, it seemed to say: 'Now, my boy, is your chance to return good for evil. Go to him, give him to drink first of all!' And that *something* walked me right up to his bedside, made me slide my hand under his shoulder and raise him up, and put the tumbler to his lips. How he drank I never can forget—in long, deep draughts, almost a tumblerful at a swallow, looking at me so wistfully all the time. When he was satisfied, he fell back, and again turned his face to the wall, without a word. But somehow I knew that fellow's heart was touched, as no chaplain's sermon or tract had ever touched it.

"I asked the surgeon to let me have the sole care of this patient, and he consented, though he said the

man had a bad gun-shot wound in the knee, and would have to submit to an amputation, if he could stand it; and if not, would probably make me a great deal of trouble while he lasted.

"Well I took charge of him—I *had* to do it, somehow—but he kept up the same silence with me for several days; then, one morning, just as I was leaving his bedside, he caught hold of my coat and pulled me back. I bent down to ask him what he wanted, and he said, in a hoarse whisper: 'You remember that canteen business in the Shenandoah Valley?' 'Yes; but it don't matter now, old fellow,' I answered.

"'But it *does* matter,' he said. 'I don't know what made me so surly that day, only that an upstart young lieutenant from our town had just been swearing at me for straggling; and I wasn't to blame, for I was sick. I came down with the fever the next day. As for what I said to you, I was ashamed of it before you got out of sight; and, to tell the truth, I've been looking for you these two years, just to tell you so. But when I met you here, where I was crying, almost dying, for water, it seemed so like the carrying out of your curse, I was almost afraid of you.'

"I tell you what, ma'am, it gave me strange feelings to think of him looking for me, to make up, and

I looking for him, to be revenged, all this time; and it was such a little sin, after all. I'm not ashamed to confess that the tears came into my eyes as I said: 'Now, Eastman (that was his name; he was a Maine man), don't fret about that little matter any more; it's all right, and you've been a better fellow than I all along.'

"But he had taken it to heart, and was too weak to throw it off. It was 'so mean,' he said, 'so unsoldier-like and bearish;' and I was 'so good to forgive it,' he insisted.

"I stood by him while his leg was amputated; and when, after a time, the surgeon said even that couldn't save him, that he was sinking, I found that the man was like a brother to me. He took the hard news that he must die, just as the war was almost ended, like the brave fellow he was. He dictated a last letter to his sister, the only relative he had; gave me some directions about sending some keepsakes to her, and then asked for the chaplain. This was a good, sensible, elderly man, and he talked in about the right style, I think, and made us all feel quite comfortable in the belief that in the Father's house there must be a mansion for the poor soldier, who had so often camped out in snow and rain; and that for him who had given his

all for his country, some great good must be in store.

"At last, the poor fellow said to the chaplain: 'Isn't there something in the Bible about giving a cup of cold water?' I can't tell you how that hurt me. 'Oh Eastman!' said I, 'don't, don't!' But he only smiled as the chaplain repeated the verse. Then he turned to me and said: 'You didn't think what you were doing for yourself when you gave me that glass of ice-water the other day, did you, old fellow? Can I pass for one of the *little ones*, though, with my six-feet-two?' Then he went on talking about being little, and the kingdom of heaven till we almost feared his mind was wandering: but perhaps it was only finding its way home. 'I do feel strangely childish to-night,' he said. 'I feel like saying the prayer-verse my mother taught me when she used to put me to bed, twenty-five years ago. If you'll excuse me, I'll say it, all to myself, before I go to sleep.'

"So he bade us good-night, turned over on his pillow, and softly shut his eyes; his lips moved a little while, and then he went to sleep, indeed. And that's all—not much of a war story, more of the Sunday-school book sort, perhaps, and I am obliged to you, ma'am, for listening to it so patiently. Most folks prefer to hear about big battles and famous

generals. I really hope, though, you have been interested in poor Eastman." He said this a little wistfully, as I had not spoken for some time. I threw up my veil and let the tears in my eyes answer him.

TWO SAINTS NOT IN THE CALENDAR.

SAINT PHILIP.

Philip Otis did not seem exactly the stuff of which saints are made, being a young man, handsome and gay, aristocratic, witty, worldly, and a lawyer. He fell in love betimes, and being an eloquent advocate, speedily wooed, won, and married a young lady of rare beauty and accomplishments.

All went well with the "happy pair" on their bridal tour, till one fatal day, when they took passage on a certain famous railway, then just opened —a railway with a broad gauge, and everything on a broad scale, especially casualties.

On this day there was the usual accident. Philip Otis escaped with slight injuries—an arm and a rib or two broken—but his Alice was fearfully hurt, disabled for life, by an injury to the spine. When she was able to be conveyed to her beautiful home

on the Hudson, it was on a couch of pain, and looking more like one wasted by long sickness, and about to die, than like the bride of one short month. She never left that house again, and she lived many weary, hopeless years. In all that time, she was only lifted from one couch to be laid upon another. In all that time she was never for one day or night quite free from pain. There were many dark hours, especially during the first years of her trial, when her womanly fortitude and her sweet temper, even her loving faith in God, failed her, and she was petulant, exacting, unreasonable, and rebellious. But, in all that sad time, Philip, her husband, was gentle, patient, pitiful, and loving. Whatever the cares and perplexities of business, he nobly cast them from him as he approached her, in whose shadowed and defeated life pain and sorrow were doing their slow work of sanctification. Whatever temptations and evil influences might approach him, with taint, and soil, and dark allurements, he shook himself free of them at the threshold of that chamber, and brought to that bedside only pure thoughts and clear looks. He sought to surround that suffering, waning life with all grace, and softness, and beauty. It was ministered to by pleasant service and skilful nursing, cheered by bright companionship, and soothed by carefully guarded repose.

Exquisite taste reigned in that chamber. Carpet and hangings were of delicate colors, choice pictures brightened the walls, all articles of furniture and ornament were of dainty, classic shapes. Roses and woodbine were trained up to the windows, and never a day in all the year was the little stand at the head of poor Alice's couch without its fresh bouquet of fragrant flowers. Here Philip brought the choicest new books and periodicals; here he related the last good story, and the spiciest bit of literary, political, or social gossip.

In the charmed air of this chamber even the Irish servant-maid did her "spiriting gently." Not a wave of the great flood of spring house-cleaning was allowed to break rudely in upon it; no domestic jar, no shock of a kitchen-convulsion ever reached it.

One still night in early summer, when the moonlight shimmered on the river, and the breath of roses filled the air, Alice Otis, raised a little on her pillows, lay holding Philip's hand, smiling into his face, and dying.

"Your trial is drawing to a close, dear," she said. "At first, I used to pray that it might be shortened. Now, I thank God that he has allowed me to live so long to be a witness to your goodness and devotion. I have often been very trying, childish,

and perverse; but you have been a good husband always, and good husbands nowadays, I have heard, are rarer than saints used to be. You were fast becoming my saint, and perhaps I am to be taken now, lest I should worship you too utterly."

"O Alice, Alice!" sobbed Philip, "you have been my good angel. I shall lose my hold on heaven when I lose you."

"No, dear, don't say so! You will lose only this poor shattered shell of me. My love, my blessing will stay with you always, Philip, my darling! And if I have done anything for your soul's good, in these years of suffering, I will not say I am sorry now for my broken life and your disappointment. I thank you for your long patience, for all—all."

That was the last her lips said to her husband, but the love-light shone a little longer in her sweet, wistful eyes, then faded out, and *Saint* Philip kissed down their white lids into the long peace.

SAINT JOHN.

Saint John, the Second, scarcely the Less, was once Captain John Ames, of the Massachusetts Twelfth. He joined the army very early in the war for the Union, leaving a beautiful young wife (John was ten years older than Mary) and a fine little boy, scarcely a twelvemonth old.

Before he went, Captain John placed wife and child quite solemnly under the care of a relative—rather a gay and handsome young man for a guardian, but "Such a good fellow," as John said.

That was a light-hearted little wife and full of patriotic spirit; but she took her husband's going very hard at last, and cried out quite wildly: "O John! I cannot, cannot have you leave me. Something tells me not to let you go."

"Something tells me I *must* go! My country! So, good-bye, darling: I leave you and baby in God's care and cousin Harry's."

Unconscious presumption of a loving, loyal heart!

The young wife was sad and anxious, for what seemed to her a weary space of time. But grief was something most unnatural to a bright, gay nature like hers: the spring had come, all the world was lovely, there was still baby left to her, and cousin Harry was so kind and amusing! Then came cheerful, brave letters from John, who passed through several dreadful battles safely. And cousin Harry grew more and more kind and amusing. His devotion to his sacred trust was something quite wonderful. He was almost constantly with the young wife. At first, they talked much of John, then his name ceased to be spoken between them; for there came a time of dreamy drifting down a smooth, treacherous stream of romantic sentiment, into the rapids of a wild passion, which ended in a plunge into dark depths of sin and dishonor.

But the "brief madness" was over, and the "long despair" had set in, when news came that Captain John was being brought home from a great battle, with a shattered arm and a wound in the chest.

It chanced that cousin Harry had just then a business call to a distant city; so there was only that poor, sinful wife and her baby-boy to welcome home the soldier. Ah! how could she meet his eyes, when his look in the eyes of her baby was almost more than she could bear! Instinctively she put

little Willie up as a shield before her own woful, frightened face, when at last she met her husband; but he put the child aside and kissed her first. She dared not return that kiss.

The long journey had been too much for Captain John. He did not rally as was hoped, but seemed to sink slowly and steadily. And all the while, night and day, with watchful, wistful tenderness, his erring wife hovered about him, ministered to him so quietly, so tremblingly, that the sick man was troubled at her strange, sad ways, and sought often to cheer her, for he was still hopeful himself.

One day Captain John was sitting, pale and languid, in an easy-chair by an open window. His wife sat before him on a low stool, with his feet in her lap. She had been bathing and wiping them, and was now rubbing them with her soft white hands. Suddenly she bent down and kissed them with passionate tenderness.

"O Mary! don't now!" said Captain John. "Why, do you know that is the first real kiss you have given me since I came home? and on my *feet!* and there goes your hair over them, and I feel your tears! Ah! dear, I am but a poor sinner for you to play Mary Magdalene to."

"O John! John!" she cried, "that is just the name for me! *I* am a Magdalene, and no more your

wife." And hiding her face against his feet and clinging there, she told him all the dreadful tale in a few wild, desperate words.

Once she felt that he shuddered from his wounded breast to the feet she clasped; but he was quite silent. Then went on in Captain John's heart a more fearful struggle than any he had passed through in the great war. But there came a moment of divine victory, and *Saint* John spoke:

"Come here, my child."

"No, no! my place is at your feet, or lower still, further off—far away from you and baby; for I am lost!"

"No, Mary, not while I have *one* arm to hold you. Here is your place on my breast; which, after all, is not so sore and broken as your poor heart. We must try to forget this, Mary. Let us call it a dream—a bad, sad dream, and, with God's help, we will begin a new life together."

That night, baby Will was brought to Saint John's bed, and he played with him and blessed him. Then he talked cheerfully to the child's mother, bade her take some rest, and kissed her good-night, with a smiling pain in his eyes that could never be forgotten, never.

The worn watcher did sleep quite peacefully that night, her heart lightened of its heavy, torturing secret; but she was wakened early by the nurse, who said: "I fear there is a change in the captain." Poor Mary saw it as soon as she reached her husband's bedside. But she made no outcry. She only knelt and kissed the hand that lay on the coverlet, shuddering to find how cold it was. Saint John felt the kiss, and raised the hand to lay it on her head, trying to smooth, in the old, loving way, her soft, fair hair. Then he said: "I have had such a strange dream about you, Mary—or was it a dream? Ah, no! I remember now. Poor child, how you must have suffered! And that's the reason Harry wasn't here to meet me. How I trusted him! But you were both so young. We agreed to consider it all a dream, didn't we, Mary? And we are to begin a new life, darling,—a new life."

She could not answer him. She could no longer weep. In silent awe and humble adoration, she waited till from her bowed head that hand fell heavily, never again to be lifted in blessing or caress.

RUNNING AWAY WITH A BALLOON.

MANY there are who can recall a time of radiant mid-summer nights, in the splendor of which moon and stars had comparatively little share—for there had suddenly burst on our Western world a magnificent, celestial stranger from foreign parts, "with all his travelling glories on." It was the great comet of 1858 on the grand tour of the universe.

It seemed strange that petty human life could go on as usual with its eating and drinking, toiling, trafficking and pleasuring, while that "flaming minister," on his billion-leagued circuit, was preaching the wonders of infinite immensity and power, and the nothingness of earth. But science has robbed celestial apparitions of their old portentous significance. The comet no longer runs his kindling race, like Vich-Alpine's henchman, with his fiery cross, announcing war and disaster,

"Herald of battle, fate and fear."

He is on his own business; not ours.

Under the tail of this particular comet doubtless many a tale of love was told—in the light of his swift splendors many a tender look exchanged. The astronomer coolly swept the starry field with his glass, unawed by the irregular night-guard patrolling the heavens, and the robber and murderer disdained the awful witness. He left us as he found us, joined to our mortal idols—wise in our own conceit, week and worldly, and wicked, but no castaways of the universe, after all.

We remember that comet-summer, not so much for its grand astronomical event, as for a singular incident that more nearly touched our human sympathies, which *will* grovel in poor earthly affairs, even within sight of the most august celestial phenomena.

One pleasant Saturday afternoon during the comet's appearance, an aeronaut, after a prosperous voyage, descended upon a farm, in the neighborhood of a large market town, in one of our western states. He was soon surrounded by a curious group of the farmer's family and laborers, all asking eager questions about the voyage and the management of the balloon. That, secured by an anchor and by a rope in the hand of the aeronaut, its car but a foot or two above the ground, was swaying lazily backward and forward in the evening air. It was a good

deal out of wind, and was a sleepy and innocent monster in the eyes of the farmer, who, with the owner's permission, led it up to his house, where, as he said, he could "hitch it" to his fence. But before he thus secured it, his three children, aged respectively ten, eight, and three, begged him to lift them "into that big basket," that they might sit on "those pretty red cushions." While the attention of the aeronaut was diverted by more curious questioners from a neighboring farm, this rash father lifted his darlings one by one into the car. Chubby little Johnnie proved the "ounce too much" for the aerial camel, and brought him to the ground; and then unluckily not the baby, but the eldest hope of the family was lifted out. The relief was too great for the monster. The volatile creature's spirits rose at once, he jerked his halter out of the farmer's hand, and with a wild bound mounted into the air! Vain was the aeronaut's anchor. It caught for a moment in a fence, but it tore away, and was off, dangling uselessly after the runaway balloon, which so swiftly and steadily rose that in a few minutes those two little white faces peering over the edge of the car grew indistinct, and those piteous cries of "papa!" "mamma!" grew faint and fainter up in the air.

When distance and twilight mists had swallowed

up voices and faces, and nothing could be seen but that dark cruel shape, sailing triumphantly away with its precious booty, like an aerial privateer, the poor father sank down helpless and speechless : but the mother, frantic with grief, still stretched her yearning arms towards the inexorable heavens, and called wildly up into the unanswering void.

The aeronaut strove to console the wretched parents with the assurances that the balloon would descend within thirty miles of the town, and that all might be well with the children, provided it did not come down in water, or in deep woods. In the event of its descending in a favorable spot, there was but one danger to be apprehended; he thought that the elder child might step out, leaving the younger in the balloon. Then it might again rise and continue its voyage.

"Ah, no," replied the mother, "Jennie would never stir from the car, without Johnnie in her arms!"

The balloon passed directly over the market town, and the children, seeing many people in the streets, stretched out their hands and cried loudly for help. But the villagers, though they saw the bright little heads, heard no call.

Amazed at the strange apparition, they might almost have thought the translated little creatures

small angel navigators on some voyage of discovery, some little cherubic venture of their own, as, heading towards the rosy cloud-lands and purple islands of sunset splendor, they sailed deeper and deeper into the west, and faded out with the day.

Some company they had, poor little sky-waifs! Something comforted them, and allayed their wild terrors—something whispered them that below the night and clouds, was home; that above, was God; that wherever they might drift or dash, living or dead, they would still be in His domain, and under His care—that though borne away among the stars, they could not be lost, for His love would follow them.

When the sunlight all went away, and the great comet came blazing out, little Johnnie was apprehensive that it might come too near their airy craft and set it on fire with a whisk of its dreadful tail. But when his sister assured him that that fiery dragon was "as much as twenty miles away," and that God wouldn't let him hurt them, he was tranquillized, but soon afterward said, "I wish he would come a little nearer, so I could warm myself—I'm so cold!"

Then Jennie took off her apron and wrapped it about the child, saying tenderly: "This is all sister has to make you warm, darling, but she'll hug you

close in her arms, and we shall say our prayers and you shall go to sleep."

"Why, how can I say my prayers before I have my supper?" asked little Johnnie.

"Sister hasn't any supper for you, or for herself, but we must pray all the harder," solemnly responded Jennie.

So the two baby-wanderers, alone in the wide heavens, unawed by darkness, immensity, and silence, by the presence of the great comet and the millions of unpitying stars, lifted their little clasped hands, and sobbed out their sorrowful, "Our Father," and then that quaint little supplementary prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"There! God heard that easy; for we are close to him, up here," said innocent little Johnnie.

Doubtless Divine Love stooped to the little ones, and folded them in perfect peace—for soon the younger, sitting on the bottom of the car, with his head leaning against his sister's knee, slept as soundly as though he were lying in his own little bed, at home; while the elder watched quietly through the long, long hours, and the car floated

gently in the still night air, till it began to sway and rock on the fresh morning wind.

Who can divine that simple little child's thoughts, speculations, and wild imaginings, while watching through those hours? She may have feared coming in collision with a meteor—for many were abroad that night, scouts and heralds of the great comet—or perhaps being cast away on some desolate star-island, or more dreary still, floating and floating on night and day, till they should both die of cold and hunger. Poor babes in the clouds!

At length, a happy chance, or Providence—we will say Providence—guided the little girl's wandering hand to a cord connected with the valve; something told her to pull it. At once the balloon began to sink, slowly and gently, as though let down by tender hands; or as though some celestial pilot guided it through the wild current of air, not letting it drop into lake, or river, lofty wood, or impenetrable swamp, where this strange unchild-like experience might have been closed by a death of unspeakable horror; but causing it to descend as softly as a bird alights, on a spot where human care and pity awaited it.

The sun had not yet risen, but the morning twilight had come, when the little girl, looking over the edge of the car, saw the dear old earth coming

nearer—" rising towards them," she said. But when the car stopped, to her great disappointment, it was not on the ground, but caught fast in the topmost branches of a tree. Yet she saw they were near a house whence help might soon come, so she awakened her brother and told him the good news, and together they watched and waited for deliverance, hugging each other for joy and for warmth; for they were very cold.

Farmer Burton, who lived in a lonely house, on the edge of his own private prairie, was a famous sleeper in general, but, on this particular morning he awoke before the dawn, and, though he turned and turned again, he could sleep no more. So, at last, he said to his good wife, whom he had kindly awakened to inform her of his unaccountable insomnolence, " It's no use; I'll just get up and dress, and have a look at the comet."

The next that worthy woman heard from her wakeful spouse was a frightened summons to the outer door. It seems, that no sooner did he step forth from his house than his eyes fell on a strange portentous shape, hanging in a large pear-tree, about twenty yards distant. He could see in it no likeness to anything earthly, and he half fancied it might be the comet, who having put out his light, had come down there to perch. In his fright and

perplexity he did what every wise man would do in a like extremity; he called on his valiant wife. Reinforced by her, he drew near the tree, cautiously reconnoitring. Surely never pear-tree bore such fruit!

Suddenly there descended from the thing a plaintive trembling little voice. "Please take us down. We are very cold!"

Then a second little voice. "And hungry too. Please take us down!"

"Why, who are you? And where are you?"

The first little voice said: "We are Mr. Harwood's little boy and girl, and we are lost in a balloon."

The second little voice said, "It's us, and we runned away with a balloon. Please take us down."

Dimly comprehending the situation, the farmer, getting hold of a dancing rope, succeeded in pulling down the balloon.

He first lifted out little Johnnie, who ran rapidly a few yards toward the house, then turned round, and stood for a few moments, curiously surveying the balloon. The faithful little sister was so chilled and exhausted that she had to be carried into the house where, trembling and sobbing, she told her wonderful story.

Before sunrise a mounted messenger was dis-

patched to the Harwood home, with glad tidings of great joy. He reached it in the afternoon, and a few hours later the children themselves arrived, in state, with banners and music, and conveyed in a covered hay-wagon and four.

Joy-bells were rung in the neighboring town, and in the farmer's brown house the happiest family on the Continent thanked God that night.

HOW MALCOLM CAM' HAME.

It is strange how many remarkable and important events are sprung upon us, without anything like a fair warning. Thus it was on a tranquil summer evening, just like many that has preceded it, that the widow Anderson sat at her wheel, spinning flax, just as she had sat on many a summer, autumn, winter, and spring evening. All was still; flowers and insects seemed dropping asleep; little birds peeped drowsily in their nests, and the whole world seemed as quiet and steady-going as the old clock in the corner—when, something happened!

But this is not the good old-fashioned regular way of beginning a story. I must go back a "bittock."

In a little post-town, among the Highlands of Scotland, far away from any great city, there lived not so very many years ago, a woman much respected and well beloved, though of lowly birth and humble fortunes—one Mrs. Jean Anderson. She had been left a widow, with one son, the youngest

and last of several promising children. She was poor, and her industry and economy were taxed to the utmost, to keep herself and her son, who was a fine, clever lad, and to give him the education he ardently desired. At the early age of sixteen, Malcolm Anderson resolved to seek his fortune in the wide world, and became a sailor. He made several voyages to India and China, and always, like the good boy he was, brought home some useful present to his mother, to whom he gave also a large portion of his earnings. But he never liked a seafaring life, though he grew strong and stalwart in it; and when about nineteen, he obtained a humble position in a large mercantile house in Calcutta, where, being shrewd, enterprising and honest, like most of his countrymen, he gradually rose to a place of trust and importance, and finally to a partnership. As his fortunes improved, his mother's circumstances were made easier. He remitted money enough to secure to her the old cottage home, repaired and enlarged, with a garden and lawn; and placed at her command, annually, a sum sufficient to meet all her wants, and to pay the wages of a faithful servant, or rather companion; for the brisk, independent old lady stoutly refused to be served by any one.

Entangled in business cares, Mr. Anderson never

found time and freedom for the long voyage, and a visit home ; till at last, failing health, and the necessity of educating his children, compelled him to abruptly wind up his affairs, and return to Scotland. He was then a man somewhat over forty, but looking far older than his years, showing all the usual ill effects of the trying climate of India. His complexion was a sallow brown; he was gray and somewhat bald, with here and there a dash of white in his dark auburn beard ; he was thin and a little bent, but his youthful smile remained full of quiet drollery, and his eye had not lost all its old gleeful sparkle, by poring over ledgers, and counting rupees.

He had married a country-woman, the daughter of a Scotch surgeon, had two children, a son and a daughter. He did not write to his good mother that he was coming home, as he wished to surprise her, and test her memory of her sailor boy.

The voyage was made in safety, and one summer afternoon, Mr. Malcolm Anderson arrived with his family at his native town. Putting up at the little inn, he proceeded to dress himself in a suit of sailor-clothes, and then walked out alone. By a by-path he well knew, and then through a shady lane, dear to his young, hazel-nutting days, all strangely unchanged, he approached his mother's cottage. He stopped for a few moments on the lawn outside, to curb down

the heart that was bounding to meet that mother, and to clear his eyes of a sudden mist of happy tears. Through the open window he caught a glimpse of her, sitting alone at her spinning-wheel, as in the old time. But alas, how changed! Bowed was the dear form, once so erect, and silvered the locks once so brown, and dimmed the eyes, once so full of tender brightness, like dew-sprent violets. But the voice, with which she was crooning softly to herself, was still sweet, and there was on her cheek the same lovely peach-bloom of twenty years ago.

At length he knocked, and the dear remembered voice called to him in the simple, old-fashioned way—"*Coom ben!*" (now comes the happening!) The widow rose at sight of a stranger, and courteously offered him a chair. Thanking her in an assumed voice, somewhat gruff, he sank down, as if wearied, saying that he was a wayfarer, strange to the country, and asking the way to the next town. The twilight favored him in his little ruse; he saw that she did not recognize him, even as one she had ever seen. But after giving him the information he desired, she asked him if he was a Scotchman by birth.

"Yes, madam," he replied; "but I have been away in foreign parts many years. I doubt if my own mother would know me now, though she was very fond of me before I went to sea."

"Ah, mon! it's little ye ken aboot mithers, gin ye think sae. I can tell ye there is nae mortal memory like theirs," the widow somewhat warmly replied; then added—"And where hae ye been for sae lang a time, that ye hae lost a' the Scotch frae your speech?"

"In India—in Calcutta, madam."

"Ah, then, it's likely ye ken something o' my son, Mr. Malcolm Anderson."

"Anderson?" repeated the visitor, as though striving to remember. "There be many of that name in Calcutta; but is your son a rich merchant, and a man about my age and size, with something such a figure-head?"

"My son is a rich merchant," replied the widow, proudly, "but he is younger than you by mony a long year, and begging your pardon, sir, far bonnier. He is tall and straight, wi' hands and feet like a lassie's; he had brown, curling hair, sae thick and glossy! and cheeks like the rose, and a brow like the snaw, and big blue een, wi' a glint in them, like the light of the evening star!—Na, na, ye are no like my Malcolm, though ye are a guid eneugh body, I dinna doubt, and a decent woman's son."

Here the masquerading merchant, considerably taken down, made a movement as though to leave, but the hospitable dame stayed him, saying—"Gin

ye hae travelled a' the way frae India, ye maun be tired and hungry. Bide a bit, and eat and drink wi' us. Margery! come down, and let us set on the supper!"

The two women soon provided a homely but tempting repast, and they all three sat down to it—Mrs. Anderson reverently asking a blessing. But the merchant could not eat. He was only hungry for his mother's kisses—only thirsty for her joyful recognition: yet he could not bring himself to say to her—"I am your son." He asked himself, half grieved, half amused—"Where are the unerring natural instincts I have read about in poetry and novels?"

His hostess, seeing he did not eat, kindly asked if he could suggest anything he would be likely to relish. "I thank you, madam," he answered; "it does seem to me that I should like some oatmeal porridge, such as my mother used to make, if so be you have any."

"Porridge?" repeated the widow. "Ah, ye mean *parritch*. Yes, we hae a wee bit left frae our dinner. Gie it to him, Margery. But, mon, it is cauld."

"Never mind; I know I shall like it," he rejoined, taking the bowl, and beginning to stir the

porridge with his spoon. As he did so, Mrs. Anderson gave a slight start, and bent eagerly toward him. Then she sank back in her chair with a sigh, saying, in answer to his questioning look—

"Ye minded me o' my Malcolm, then—just in that way he used to stir his parritch—gieing it a whirl and a flirt. Ah! gin' ye *were* my Malcolm, my poor laddie!"

"Weel, then, gin I *were* your Malcolm," said the merchant, speaking for the first time in the Scottish dialect, and in his own voice, "or gin your braw young Malcolm were as brown, and bald, and gray, and bent, and old, as I am, could you welcome him to your arms, and love him as in the dear auld lang syne? Could you, mither?"

All through this touching little speech the widow's eyes had been glistening, and her breath coming fast; but at that word "*mither*," she sprang up with a glad cry, and tottering to her son, fell almost fainting on his breast. He kissed her again and again—kissed her brow, and her lips, and her hands, while the big tears slid down his bronzed cheeks; while she clung about his neck and called him by all the dear old pet names, and *tried* to see in him all the dear old young looks. By-and by they came back—or the *ghosts* of them came back. The form in her

embrace grew comelier; love and joy gave to it a second youth, stately and gracious; the first she then and there buried deep in her heart—a sweet beautiful, peculiar memory. It was a moment of solemn renunciation, in which she gave up the fond maternal illusion she had cherished so long. Then looking up steadily into the face of the middle-aged man, who had taken its place, she asked—"Where hae ye left the wife and bairns?"

"At the inn, mother. Have you room for us all at the cottage?"

"Indeed I have—twa good spare-rooms, wi' large closets, weel stocked wi' linen I hae been spinning or weaving a' these lang years for ye baith, and the weans."

"Well, mother dear, now you must rest," rejoined the merchant, tenderly.

"Na, na, I dinna care to rest till ye lay me down to tak' my lang rest. There'll be time eneugh between that day and the resurrection, to fauld my hands in idleness. Now 'twould be unco irksome. But go, my son, and bring me the wife—I hope I shall like her; and the bairns—I hope they will like me."

I have only to say, that both the good woman's hopes were realized. A very happy family knelt down in prayer that night, and many nights after,

in the widow's cottage, whose climbing roses and woodbine were but outward signs and types of the sweetness and blessedness of the love and peace within.

A NIGHT OF YEARS.

A SIMPLE, OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

MANY years ago, in a pleasant town in the interior of my native state,—New York,—lived the family with which this "ower true tale" has to do,—an honest and respectable farmer, named Dutton,—his good wife and two fair daughters,—Lucy, a noble girl of some twenty years, and Ellen, a year or two younger. The elder was winningly, rather than strikingly, beautiful. Under a manner observable for its seriousness, and a nun-like serenity, were concealed an impassioned nature, and a heart of the deepest capacity for loving and suffering. She was remarkable from her earliest childhood for a voice of thrilling and haunting sweetness. Ellen Dutton was the brilliant opposite of her sister; "a born beauty," whose prerogative of prettiness was to have her irresponsible own way, in all things, and at all times. An indulgent father, a weak mother, and an idolizing sister, had all unconsciously con-

tributed to the ruin of a nature not at the first remarkable for strength or generosity.

Where, among all God's creatures, is heartlessness so seemingly unnatural, is selfishness so detestable, as in a beautiful woman?

Lucy possessed a fine intellect, and as her parents were well-reared New Englanders, she and her sister were far better educated than other girls of their station, in that then half-settled portion of the country. In those days, many country girls engaged in school-teaching, for the honor and pleasure which it afforded, rather than from necessity. Thus, a few months previous to the commencement of our sketch, Lucy Dutton left for the first time her fireside circle, to take charge of a school, some twenty miles from her native town.

For a while, her letters home were expressive only of the happy contentment which sprang from the consciousness of active usefulness, of receiving, while imparting good. Then there came a change; and those records for home were characterized by fitful gayety, or dreamy sadness; indefinable hopes and fears seemed striving for supremacy in the writer's troubled little heart. Lucy loved; but scarcely acknowledged it to herself, while she knew not that she was loved; so, for a time, that beautiful second birth of woman's nature was like a warm

sunrise, struggling with the cold mists of morning.

But one day brought a letter which could not soon be forgotten in the home of the absent one; a letter traced by a hand that trembled in sympathy, with a heart tumultuous with happiness. Lucy had been wooed and won, and she but waited her parents' approval of her choice, to become the betrothed of young Edwin Willard, a man of excellent family and standing, in the town where she had been teaching. The father and mother accorded their sanction, with many blessings, and Lucy's next letter promised a speedy visit from the lovers.

When they came, warm welcomes and rural festivities awaited them. Mr. Willard gave entire satisfaction to father, mother, and even to the exacting "beauty." He was a handsome man, with some pretensions to fashion; but in manner, and apparently in character, the opposite of his betrothed.

It was decided that Lucy should not again leave home until after her marriage, which, at the request of the ardent lover, was to be celebrated within two months, and on the coming birthday of the bride-elect. It was therefore arranged that Ellen should return with Mr. Willard, to take charge of her sister's school for the remainder of the term.

The bridal birthday was ushered in by a May

morning of surpassing loveliness; the busy hours wore away till it was sunset, and neither the bridegroom, nor Ellen, the first bridesmaid, had appeared. Yet in her neat little chamber, sat Lucy, nothing doubting, nothing fearing. She was already dressed in a simple white muslin gown, and her few bridal adornments lay on the table, by her side. Maria Allen, her second bridesmaid, a bright-eyed affectionate girl, her chosen friend from childhood, was arranging to a more graceful fall, the wealth of light ringlets which swept her snowy neck. To the wondering suggestions of her companion, grown anxious at last, Lucy smiled silently, or replied almost carelessly so perfect was her trust—"Oh, something has happened to detain them awhile; we heard from them the other day, and all was well. They will be here by-and-by, never fear."

Evening came, the guests were all assembled, and yet "the bridegroom tarried." There were whisperings, surmises, and wonderings, and a shadow of anxiety occasionally passed over Lucy's face. At last a carriage drove rather slowly to the door. "Here they are!" cried many voices, and the next moment the belated bridegroom and Ellen entered. In reply to the hurried and confused inquiries of all round him, Mr. Willard muttered something about "unavoidable delay," and stepping to the sideboard,

tossed off a glass of wine, another, and another. The company stood silent with amazement. Finally a rough old farmer exclaimed, "Better late than never, young man, so lead out the bride!"

Willard strode hastily across the room, placed himself by *Ellen* and took her hand in his! Then, without daring to meet the eyes of any about him, he said, "I wish to make an explanation; I am under the painful necessity—that is, I have the pleasure to announce that I am already married. The lady whom I hold by the hand—is my wife!"

Then turning in an apologetic manner to Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, he added, "I found that I had never loved, until I knew your second daughter!"

And Lucy! She heard all with strange calmness, then walked steadily forward and confronted her betrayers! Terrible as pale Nemesis herself, she stood before them, and her look pierced like a keen, cold blade into their false hearts. As though to assure herself of the reality of the vision, she laid her hand on Ellen's shoulder, and let it glide down her arm; but did not touch Edwin. As those cold fingers met hers, the unhappy wife first gazed full into her sister's face; and as she marked the ghastly pallor of her cheek, the dilated nostrils, the quivering lip, and the intensely mournful eyes, she covered

her own face with her hands, and burst into tears, while the young husband, awed by the terrible silence of her he had wronged, gasped for breath, and staggered back against the wall. Then Lucy, clasping her hands on her forehead, first gave voice to her anguish and despair, in one fearful cry, which could but ring forever through the souls of that guilty pair, and fell in a deathlike swoon at their feet.

After the insensible girl had been removed to her own room, a stormy scene ensued in the room beneath. The parents and guests were alike enraged against Willard; but the tears and prayers of his young wife, the petted beauty and spoiled child, at last softened somewhat the anger of the parents, and an opportunity for an explanation was accorded to the offenders.

A sorry explanation it proved. The gentleman affirmed that the first sight of Ellen's lovely face weakened the empire of her plainer sister over his affections. Frequent interviews had completed the conquest of his loyalty; but he had been held in check by honor, and never told his love, until when, on the way to Castleton, in an unguarded moment, he had revealed it, and the avowal had called forth an answering confession from Ellen.

They had thought it best, in order "to save pain to Lucy," prevent opposition from her, and secure

their own happiness, to be married before their arrival at the farm-house.

Lucy remained insensible for hours. When she revived and had apparently regained her consciousness, she still maintained her strange silence. This continued for many weeks, and when it partially passed away, her friends saw with inexpressible grief, that her reason had given way,—she was hopelessly insane! But her madness was of a mild and harmless nature. She was gentle and peaceable as ever, but sighed frequently, and seemed burdened with some great sorrow which she could not herself comprehend. There seemed almost a total annihilation of memory. She had one peculiarity, which all who knew her in after years must recollect; this was a wild fear and careful avoidance of men. She also seemed possessed by the spirit of unrest. She could not, she would not be kept in one place, but was continually escaping from her friends, and going they knew not whither. While her parents lived, they by their watchful care and unwearying efforts, in some measure, controlled this sad propensity; but when they died, their stricken child became a wanderer, homeless, friendless and forlorn.

In those times, so often referred to, as "the good old days," there were nowhere except in our large cities, asylums for the insane—or any refuge for

them, except the common alms-house—or, as it was then always called, "the poor-house,"—usually so utterly wretched an abode that the most miserable demented creatures avoided it, or fled from it and wandered, after their "wandering wits."

But I should not have said that Lucy Dutton was friendless. Nearly all people in that simple rural community were kind to her, and many a Christian family gave her shelter from storm and cold. Though she never begged, she was never allowed to suffer from want, when it could be prevented. In some quiet farm-houses, where no men were, she sometimes lingered for days at a time, and patiently worked to pay for food and old clothes,—seeming very grateful for care and rest,—then the mad spell would come upon her and whirl her away. Some good woman always took her in at night, as she was known to be so gentle and harmless. She had the hardy habits of a gipsy, or Indian woman, preferring to lie down on a bare kitchen floor, wrapped in an old shawl, or to burrow in the hay-mow of a barn, to sleeping in a Christian bed.

I remember "Crazy Lucy" as she was, in the time of my early childhood, towards the last of her weary pilgrimage. In her great circuits, which included all the county, she was sure to come round to our house. Her first timid question to one of us chil-

dren was—"My dear, are there any *men* about?" If we could not answer "No," she passed on, however weary she might be! But if my father and elder brothers were absent, she took great comfort at our fireside, my mother being especially kind to her. The appearance of the poor *folle* was touching, though grotesque. Her face was still fair and smooth, but often wearing a frightened expression, and her hair, prematurely blanched, hung in fleecy locks, from under the torn brim of what had once been a fine, Leghorn bonnet. Her gown was many-colored, with patches, and her shawl, or mantle, faded, worn and forlornly limp. The remainder of her miserable wardrobe she carried in a pack on her shoulders, and usually had in her hands a number of parcels of bright colored rags, dried herbs, and bits of bread. In the season of flowers, her tattered bonnet was profusely decorated with blossoms, gathered in the wood or by the wayside. Her love for these and her sweet voice were all that were left her of the bloom and music of existence. Yet, no! her meek and childlike piety still lingered. Her God had not forsaken her; down into the dim chaos of her spirit, the smile of His love yet gleamed faintly; in the waste garden of her heart she still heard His voice in the evening, and was not "afraid." Her Bible went with her everywhere,—a torn and soiled vol-

ume, but as holy still, and it may be as dearly cherished, my lady, as the gorgeous copy now lying on your table, bound in "purple and gold" and with the gilding untarnished upon its delicate leaves.

I remember to have heard my mother relate a touching little incident, connected with one of Lucy's brief visits to us. The poor creature laid her hand on the curly head of one of my brothers, and asked of him his name. "William Edwin," he replied, with a timid, upward glance. She caught away her hand, and sighing heavily, said as though thinking aloud, "I knew an Edwin once, and he made me broken-hearted."

This was the only instance in which she was ever known to revert to the sad event which had desolated her life.

* * * * * *

Forty years from the time of the commencement of this little history, on a bleak autumnal evening, a rough country wagon drove into the village of Castleton and stopped at the alms-house: an attenuated form was lifted out, and carried in, and the wagon rumbled away. Thus was Lucy Dutton brought to her native town to die.

She had been in a decline for some months, and the miraculous strength which had so long sustained her, in her weary wanderings, at last forsook her,

utterly. Her sister had died some time before, and the widowed husband had soon after removed with his family to the Far West; so Lucy had no friends, no home but the alms-house.

But they were very kind to her there. The matron, a true woman, whose soft heart even the hourly contemplation of human misery could not harden, gave herself with unwearying devotion to the care of the quiet sufferer. With the eye of Christian faith, she watched the shattered bark of that poor life, as, drifting down the tide of time, it neared the great deep of eternity, with an interest as intense as though it had been a royal galley.

One day, about a week from the time of her arrival, Lucy appeared to suffer greatly, and those about her looked for her release, almost impatiently; but at night she was evidently better, and, for the first time, slept tranquilly till morning. The matron, who was by her bedside when she awoke, was startled by the clear and earnest gaze which met her own, but she smiled and bade the invalid "good-morning!" Lucy looked bewildered, but the voice seemed to re-assure her, and she exclaimed,

"Oh, what a long, long night this has been!" Then glancing around inquiringly, she added:

"Where am I? and who are you? I do not know you." A wild surmise flashed across the mind of

the matron—the long lost reason of the wanderer had returned! But the good woman replied calmly and soothingly:

"Why, you are among your friends, and you will know me presently."

"Then may be you know Edwin and Ellen," rejoined the invalid; "have they come? Oh, I had such a terrible dream! I dreamed that they were married! Only think, Ellen married to Edwin! It it strange I should dream that."

"My poor Lucy," said the matron, with a gush of tears, "that was not a dream; it was all true."

"All true!" cried the invalid, "then Edwin must be untrue, and that cannot be, for he loved me; we loved each other well, and Ellen is my sister. Let me see them! I will go to them!"

She endeavored to raise herself, but fell back fainting on the pillow.

"Why, what does this mean?" she said; "what makes me so weak?"

Just then, her eye fell on her own hand, that withered hand! She gazed on it in blank amazement. "Something is the matter with my sight," she said smiling faintly, "for my hand looks to me like an old woman's."

"And so it is," said the matron gently, "and so is mine; and yet we had fair, plump hands when we

were young. Dear Lucy, do you not know me? I am Maria Allen; I was to have been your bridesmaid!"

I will not attempt to give in detail all that mournful revelation, to reduce to inexpressive words the boundless desolation and loss of that hopeless sorrow.

To the wretched Lucy the last forty years were as though they had never been. Of not a scene, not an incident had she the slightest remembrance, since those of the night when the false lover and the treacherous sister stood before her and made their terrible announcement.

The kind matron paused frequently in the sad narration of her poor friend's madness and wanderings; but the invalid would say with fearful calmness, "Go on, go on," though the sweat of agony stood thick upon her forehead and her thin hands were clenched. When she asked for her sister, the matron replied,

"She has gone before you, and your father also."

"And my mother," said Lucy, her face lit with a sickly ray of hope.

"Your mother has been dead for twenty years."

"Dead! All gone! Alone, old, dying! Oh God, my cup of bitterness is full!" she cried, weeping, at last.

Her friend, bending over her, and mingling tears with hers, said affectionately :

"But you know who drank such a cup before you."

Lucy looked up with a bewildered expression, and the matron added,

"The Lord Jesus, you remember him."

A look like sunlight breaking through a cloud, a look which only saints may wear, irradiated the tearful face of the dying woman, as she replied,

"Oh, yes, I knew my Saviour and loved Him, before I fell asleep."

A good minister was called. A few who had known Lucy in her early days came also. There was much reverential wondering and some weeping around her death-bed. Then rose the voice of prayer. At first her lips moved, as her weak spirit joined in that fervent appeal; then they grew still, and poor Lucy was dead—dead in her white-haired youth!

But those who gazed upon that placid face, and remembered her harmless life and her patient suffering, doubted not that the morn of an eternal day had broken on her night of years.